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## The Proposed Edinburgh De- grees in Music.

ON the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, I welcome the announcement which comes from Edinburgh in regard to the granting of musical degrees at the University there. Attention has already been called in these columns to the glaring mismanagement that has characterized the past history of the Reid Chair of Music. It has been shown that, with an original endowment which is not exceeded in the case of any musical professorship in Europe, the practical benefits to the country, or even to Edinburgh itself, of the Reid bequest have been almost *nil*; while as to the carrying out of the express stipulations of the founder, it has been made perfectly evident that the University officials, to put it mildly, have consulted their own interests quite as much as the interests of those for whom General Reid left his money.

The recent appointment of Professor Niecks naturally led to an expectation of reform in several essential particulars, and both in the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* and in the columns of the Edinburgh press urgent appeals have been made for a comprehensive scheme which would put the Scottish capital, as regards musical instruction, on a footing with London and with other large centres of population. But Professor Niecks has proved himself to be only human! He has been appointed to a comfortable chair, and instead of agitating for, or helping to organize, an intra-mural school of music, with a staff of efficient teachers associated with the professorship, he elects to take it easy and to reign alone. He reads his commission as Sir Herbert Oakeley, who preceded him, read his. He will lecture and teach the theory of music—that is, if he can get a sufficient number of students to go and listen to him. If he has any surplus energy left after these arduous duties are performed he will devote it *outside the chair* to help musical matters in Edinburgh. That, at any rate, is how I read between the lines. But what is the half-loaf like?

Well, to begin with, it is certainly of modest dimensions. There is neither hope nor intention of making it feed a fully equipped musical establishment in connection with the University. There is even to be no compulsory curriculum in the department of theoretical instruction. There is no mention of a faculty of music at all; nor are students to be required to attend any lectures or classes except those of the music professor, and these only for one winter session. Thus the candidate for a degree will still have to find his instruction outside the walls of the University, for I do not suppose that even Professor Niecks himself believes that he can make a Mus. Doc. of a student after a single session's

class-teaching. Other things being equal, a student will naturally prefer the honour of a well-tryed English degree to a degree from a Scotch University where the leading examiner is himself neither a Mus. Bac. nor a Mus. Doc., and as the arts' test promises to press as heavily in the one case as in the other, there can be little doubt as to which University will suffer.

In regard to the provisions for graduation, the scheme is pretty much that of Oxford and Cambridge, with one or two changes meant as improvements. In the preliminary examination for the degree of Bac. Mus., which is intended to be a test of general education and culture, the requirements in mathematical science have been wisely relaxed. On the other hand, the second professional examination appears to be too exacting in demanding proficiency in rhetoric and English literature, and in one modern language in addition to Latin or Greek. The success of the Durham—to say nothing of the Toronto—degrees has shown that musicians have no desire to load their brains with intellectual lumber which will prove of no service to them in their profession. And the musicians are right. It is possible to insist too much on general culture, for a man may be a first-class musician without knowing a word of Latin or German. One recalls the old professor in "The Vicar of Wakefield" who declared that he had a doctor's cap and gown and ten thousand francs a year without Greek; could "eat heartily without Greek, and, in short, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it." In these days of keen competition, when every man must be something of a specialist, an overwhelming majority of the musicians will certainly be found on the side of the old professor.

One notes with satisfaction, however, the well-judged option that is to be given to candidates for the Doc. Mus. degree. Hitherto this title has only been within the reach of "all-round" musicians of the highest attainments, but the Edinburgh scheme proposes that it shall be open to students to present themselves either as composers, or as executants, or in the department of theory and history. Seeing that all the candidates must hold the Bachelor's degree, involving the wider examination, there is little fear of undue specialism or narrowness of capacity in this arrangement, and it will be generally held as a well-merited recognition of variety of talent.

On the whole, however, the new scheme is disappointing. Edinburgh is in the position of having no institution where the student in music can receive instruction in every branch of his art, and Edinburgh has long pleaded for the privilege. It has been shown over and over again how the Reid Chair might form the basis of an institution of the kind required, and strenuous appeals have been made to give a school of music a trial. So far the agitation has been without result, and one cannot honestly say that the ordinance now recommended by the University Commissioners promises to be more helpful to the cause of music in Scotland than the mismanaged professorship which has

already been the subject of so much contention. It is of course something to have the power of granting degrees, but it would be much more to the purpose to have a staff of teachers to prepare students for them; and whether even the power will be taken advantage of to any extent only time can tell. Meanwhile I give on page 65 the ordinance itself in all its tortuous phraseology, that my readers may judge of its terms for themselves.

## Au Courant.

AN excellent practical joke is said to have recently been played upon Dr. Richter, who received from a singer who could not attend rehearsal a long four-page letter in Latin. The eminent conductor thought the vocalist had gone mad, but a distinguished professor of the Vienna University, who read the document, pronounced the Latin far too good for that. This sort of thing would, however, seem to open up a new terror for conductors whose linguistic capabilities, though often by no means small, rarely extend to the dead languages.

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A MUSICAL amateur, who hails from New Zealand, has framed, for the benefit of those who are ignorant of music, a few simple rules, by which they may know to what category a piece belongs; and also whether it is to be admired or not. If, he observes, it seems to be saying, "One, two, three, hop, hop, hop," or "One, two, three, bang, bang, bang," you may conclude that you are listening to something of a very low order, which it is your duty to despise. But when you hear something that sounds as if an assorted lot of notes had been put into a barrel, and were being persistently stirred up, like a kind of harmonious gruel, you may know it's a fugue, and may safely assume an expression of profound interest.

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If the notes appear to have been dropped by accident, and are fished up at irregular intervals in a sort of drowned condition, it is likely to be a nocturne, and nocturnes, you know, are lovely. If the notes seem to come in car-loads, each load of a different kind from the last, and if the train seems to be a long time in passing any given point, it will turn out most likely to be a symphony, and symphonies are the grandest things that ever were. Finally, if the notes appear to be dumped out in masses, and then shovelled vigorously into heaps, and then blown wildly into the air by explosions of dynamite, that's a rhapsody, and rhapsodies are among "the latest things in music."

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It is announced in New York that Mr. J. Edward Barclay is to paint a portrait of Paderewski, which is to be presented to William

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Steinway at the close of the present Paderewski season. Portraits of the celebrated pianist have been made by Alma Tadema, and by the Princess Louise—these pictures being in England. The portrait by Mr. Barclay, who, by the way, is an English artist resident in America, will remain in that country. The latest form of hero-worship: it is said that three wealthy sisters have embroidered a phrase of Paderewski's Minuet on their stockings.

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IN the Westminster County Court recently, the case of Slaughter v. Moore and Burgess came before Judge Bayley. It was a claim for £20, the price of a song. The case for the plaintiff was that he was present at a farewell dinner given at the Café Royal to M. Marius, on his departure to Australia, and Mr. Moore asked him to write a tenor song. He did so, and sent it to him, telling him that the price would be £20. It was sung at the St. James's Hall on Easter Monday. The song was called "Growing Old Together." Mr. Moore said he had written hundreds of songs, and they were much more popular than Mr. Slaughter's ever would be. He made no contract with the plaintiff. Mr. Fenwick (who appeared for the plaintiff): Why did you not like it? Mr. Moore: It was called "Growing Old," and we don't like "growing old," you know. (Laughter.) This song was a tenor, and I'm a comic man. Mr. Fenwick: But you can sing anything? Witness: No; I can make a fool of myself in trying to. Mr. Fenwick: Why didn't you send back the manuscript? Witness: Why, I sometimes get a thousand in a year. I compose songs, and I'm glad to sell one sometimes for £1, and glad to get it. (Laughter.) His Honour found for the plaintiff, with costs.

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A GOOD story is told of the Russian censorship in connection with M. Jean de Reszké. The famous tenor, who was staying on his estate in Poland, had undertaken to sing in the musical version of Sardou's "Patrie" at the Paris Opera, and a copy of the score was forwarded to him through the post. It was unaccountably long in arriving, but, at last, came to hand in an indescribable condition. The authorities had caught sight of the title and handed the work to the censorship, with the result that the text had been ruthlessly "caviared." M. de Reszké was able to learn his notes, but had to wait for the words until his return to Paris.

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STUDENTS of the science called folklore ought to respond to the appeal I have received from Miss Lucy Broadwood, Lyne, Rusper, Horsham. She draws attention to a fact I have often deplored—namely, that by reason of a gross and culpable carelessness England has lost most of her folksongs. How poor and feeble is a collection of these ditties when compared with a Scotch or an Irish one! Some of the quaintest—those sung to Shakespeare's songs—we owe to oral transmission, like much of the traditional "business" of his plays, from his actors, through many generations of mummers, to our day.

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BARING-GOULD has rescued a few ballad tunes that were fast fading from memory in Cornwall and Devon. Kidson, of Leeds, has also helped recently a little with his "Traditional Tunes." But we want these wild-flowers of minstrelsy to be systematically and accurately arranged and classified, and, if possible, their inner meaning extracted. Those who can get hold of an old folksong cannot, therefore, do better than send it to Miss Broadwood. Never

mind how stupid its words may seem. Note them down, and if it is sung, and one has not enough skill to score it, apply for aid to the local or parish-church organist. As for how these things are to be got—why, there is nothing simpler. Ask the people you meet if they have ever heard a May-day song, a harvest-home ballad, a plough song, a carol, or a children's game song, and if they say "Yes," try and get it out of them, and take it down.

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WE have had two "musical prodigies" from Rome in our midst. They are two pianists, Rosina and Beatrice Cerasoll, aged respectively thirteen and eleven, who are attracting much notice at private musicales, and very charming and unaffected little girls they are. When Rosina, the elder one, was only seven she created quite a sensation in Rome by carrying off the gold medal at the Conservatoire; and Beatrice also took the silver one some years later, the authorities having previously barred children from competing for the gold one.

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IT is said that Mr. Paderewski was after all cured of his illness by a doctor who discovered that his shoulder pains, which had been pronounced rheumatic by the faculty, were really a case of dislocation. The doctor's name is given as Dr. Pomerol, and it is added, "so delighted was the great pianist with his restoration, that he put his only child, a boy whose limbs have been crippled since infancy, under Dr. Pomerol's care, and now can boast that his son walks as well as anybody." From this (if we can believe a word of it) it would seem that both Mr. Paderewski and his son suffered from dislocated limbs, the latter from infancy.

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IT is to be hoped that English musical students will not credit all that they read in contemporary musical journals. In a leading article which appeared in the last issue of *Musical News* occurs the following passage, which will be news, indeed, to many: "Nor is Mascagni alone in working on these natural lines; there is rising around him a small band of followers, Pagliacci, Leoncavallo, etc." The joke, of course, lies in the fact that "I Pagliacci" is the title of a new two-act opera by Leoncavallo, not the name of a composer.

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THE Royal Academy of Music continues to grow so rapidly that the authorities have found it necessary to provide increased facilities for the study of certain branches of the curriculum—so far, that is to say, as the limited accommodation of the Tenterden Street premises will permit. The most important of these developments is the formation of a supplementary orchestral class, under the direction of Mr. Frye Parker, for the string-players who are unable to find room in the regular band of the institution. It is also announced that an additional organ is being constructed, and as professor of this instrument an excellent new member of the staff has been found in Mr. George Riseley, the well-known Bristol organist.

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TO the ranks of Royal composers must now be added Prince Henry of Reuss, who has written a symphony, which has just been produced at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig. The Prince is probably the first Royal personage who has ever composed a full symphony, and at Leipzig he conducted the work in person.

MUSICAL pupils are apt to neglect the study of the wind instruments of the orchestra—the flute perhaps excepted—and at one of our largest training schools at a recent date the only person being taught a brass instrument at all was a musical policeman, who solaced himself in his spare hours, and doubtless delighted his neighbours, by practising upon the trombone. In order, however, to induce young people to take up the "neglected wind," the committee of the Royal Academy of Music have just decided to admit a limited number of students of these instruments at a reduced fee.

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A FIVE-YEAR-OLD violinist, Master Rhyl Bowen, made his *début* in London last month at Gatti's Music Hall, Villiers Street, Charing Cross. The child played two fantasias on popular airs, such as "Home, Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Love's Golden Dream," together with several Scotch tunes. He was loudly applauded for his efforts, the audience evidently being willing to recognise the extreme youth of the violinist, who, by the way, was heralded by the chairman as "the juvenile Paganini."

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MADAME PATTI, I learn, managed to secure a private box for the first performance of "Falstaff" at La Scala. The luxury was rather an expensive one, as the price charged was, it is said, 1,800 francs, or about £72 sterling, besides which, in accordance with the custom of the house, each of her party was obliged to pay the *ingresso* or extra fee of £2 a head on admission to the building.

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ONE of the much-debated questions among mediæval and casuistical philosophers was whether a farthing rushlight could best testify its respect for the sun by burning its best flicker at mid-day (fogs excluded), or by extinguishing itself in shame as soon as the great orb appeared in the East. Organ-grinders are not as a rule philosophers, but they are musicians, and in their own manner like to honour one of the profession who is greater than themselves. This must be the only reason why these peripatetic Orpheuses select the residence, in Tennyson Street, Southwark, of Mr. O. H. Carter, musician and bandmaster of the M Division of Police, for their special attentions. In the course of four hours no less than nine street organists stopped before his house and played their whole barrelful of airs.

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IT was, of course, meant as a mark of humble respect, but Mr. Carter preferred quietude, to a reasonable share of which he is entitled in return for the rates he pays. James Sharman's tribute of admiration was so sincere that he could not find it in his heart to stop playing when ordered to desist, and he was, therefore, fined five shillings by the Southwark magistrate. His excuse was that he was bound to play out the tune, or his machine "might have busted." Now that it is clearly shown that the bandmaster does not wish homage *à la* Handle, organ-grinders must leave him in peace. As the rushlights of music they must extinguish themselves as far as Tennyson Street is concerned.

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How Mr. George Grossmith became an operatic performer is related by that gentleman himself in the pages of the *Idler*. It was one Tuesday night in the year 1877 that he received a letter from Sir Arthur (then Mr.



Sullivan), dated from the Beefsteak Club, and beginning:

"DEAR MR. GROSSMITH,—Are you inclined to go on the stage for a time? There is a part in the new piece I am doing with Gilbert which you would play admirably."

The piece was "The Sorcerer"—the part John Wellington Wells. Subsequently Mr. Grossmith learnt that Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Arthur Cecil were both writing letters at the club when the former happened to remark that he couldn't "find a fellow for this opera." Mr. Cecil said, "I wonder if Grossmith—" Before he had finished the sentence, Sullivan, who had heard Mr. Grossmith give a musical sketch at a dinner-party, exclaimed, "The very man!"

And so (says the narrator of this anecdote) "I was engaged." Mr. Grossmith, it will be found, has many amusing things to tell his interviewer about experiences on tour. "That" (he says) "is hard work if you like. I have gone a four months' tour without missing a night. It takes it out of one terribly. But it is very paying work. In the South of England I have made as much as £300 a week. My friends tried to frighten me as to the apathy of my Scotch audiences; as a matter of fact, I have no better audiences anywhere. I like performing to country audiences. I am never nervous, as I am apt to be at St. James's, where there are a number of my friends."

—Daily News, February 3rd.

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MISS KATE COVE, who gave a most successful concert the other evening in her native Kensington, began life as a pupil-teacher at Maida Vale High School. While there her voice developed, and owing to her very successful appearance at two concerts, and the high praise of the examiners for the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship, in which competition she came out second, her father decided that she should enter the musical instead of the scholastic world. Last year she competed for the Westmoreland Scholarship, R.A.M., and was the successful candidate out of thirty. In November she had the honour of singing before H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, at Richmond, who applauded her warmly, and offered her patronage for the above-named concert. She is the possessor of a pure, sweet soprano, and sings with ease and confidence. Her professors at the Academy were Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Fred Walker. She has already sung for Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace, and to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who after complimenting her highly, pressed her to go on the operatic stage.

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IN connection with the brilliant success achieved by "Falstaff," stress has not unnaturally been laid on the age of the composer. To write an opera at all at the age of eighty is no slight achievement; to write one bubbling over with humour and merriment is indeed a startling proof of vitality. And yet the feat, wonderful as it undoubtedly is, is not unprecedented. For Auber, the famous French composer, produced at least three operas after he had reached the age of eighty—to wit, "La Fiancée du Roi des Garbes" (1867), "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur" (1868), and "Le Rêve d'Amour" (1869).

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VERDI wrote "Falstaff" in the little scantily-furnished study at Genoa which has witnessed the birth of so much of his splendid music. The terrace window overlooks the gulf. The house is an old palazzo, and stands in a neglected garden. Mascagni often visits him here, and a yet more intimate friend, Carducci, the Tennyson of Italy. In such surroundings he toils early and late for half the year; the other half he spends in leisure at Busseto, in his native pro-

vince of Parma. That Verdi should have waited until his seventy-ninth year before giving rein to humour is the most inexplicable feature of the new departure he has taken. He said when Mascagni's opera was written that he had nothing more to live for. He probably meant nothing serious.

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VERDI was asked by a musical correspondent the name of his next Shakespearean opera. The great composer, who was silent for a second or so, said if he began life again his ambition would be to make operas out of all Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays; but now, as he was advancing more and more in years, he was afraid future musical historians could only record that "Verdi composed 'Macbeth,' 'King Lear,' 'Otello,' and 'Falstaff.'"

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No little pleasure is expressed in musical circles in Italy at the news that Signor Sonzogno has decided to produce Mr. Cowen's opera "Signa." It is conceivable that the famous Milanese publisher, to whom the younger generation of Italian composers owe so much, has been moved to his decision not merely by his admiration for Mr. Cowen's work, but also by a generous wish to show his practical sympathy with the distinguished English musician for the treatment of his opera in Genoa. Whatever the cause, however, Signor Sonzogno is paying a great compliment to English art, and there is little doubt that "Signa" will prove worthy of the compliment. It is not yet decided when and where the opera will be produced, but it is not unlikely that it will be given in April, at Florence. That bewitching artist, Madame Fraudin, will probably play the part of Gemma.

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LITTLE Anna Hegner, the eleven-year-old sister of the juvenile pianist, Otto Hegner, made a successful *debut* as a violinist at Steinway Hall, February 16. This diminutive little lady, whose arms are hardly long enough to hold the violin, is a pupil of Herr Stiehle. She is for her age an excellent executant, and although her tone at present necessarily lacks the power and the fulness of an adult, she is an artist full of promise. Musical history contains many examples of eminent violinists who have commenced life as juvenile prodigies. Dr. Joachim, for one, made his *debut* at Madame Viardot's concert at Leipsic when he had only just turned twelve, and, young as he was, his talent was at once recognised by Mendelssohn, who then accompanied him on the piano. Wieniawski made his *debut* at thirteen, Lady Hallé appeared in public in Vienna when she was only six, and Paganini played some variations on "La Carmagnole" at Genoa before he was nine.

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IT may interest those who, at the German operatic representations at Covent Garden last year, championed the concealment of the orchestra as at Bayreuth, to know that the plan has been tried at Berlin, and is there considered to have failed. Some of the instruments were said to have been almost inaudible, the sound was unduly deadened, and the authorities have therefore resolved to restore the band to its former position.

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IT is stated in Paris that the deficit on the first thirteen months' season at the Grand Opera, under the new management, is close upon £20,000, and this despite the fact that the Opera House is rent free and that a subsidy is granted of about £32,000 a year. It is admitted on all hands that the new director has placed the various works on the stage very handsomely, although, of course, the company

is by no means equal to that, for example, of the Royal Italian Opera, which has no subsidy, and is weighted with a heavy rent. The deficit is attributable partly to the large contributions which all the Paris theatres have to make to the poor rates, partly to the loss on the Saturday and Sunday representations, which by law have to be given at a greatly reduced price to the public. The cheap performances cannot possibly pay their way at the prices charged, and it is computed that the loss on Saturdays is £200, and on Sundays over £300 a night. It is therefore pretty certain that the tariff will have to be increased. The salary of the manager, by the way, appears to be fixed at the very moderate sum of £1,200 a year.

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MUSICIANS are often troubled by the want of a pen which is at once fine, capacious, and calculated to "wear." Reservoir pens, as a rule, are too "broad," and a fine pen usually carries so little ink that only half a dozen notes can be formed with one dip. One of our staff, however, who is addicted to writing symphonies, overtures, and oratorios, is at present so very "superior" that he seems hardly on speaking terms with himself. It appears he has come across a pen, by name the "Ball-pointed Fountain" which writes music with remarkable fluency—indeed, so fluently that our young man, taking the credit to himself, has arrived at the conclusion that he is the present-day Beethoven. In this view we do not go with him, but, as far as the "ball-pointed" pens are concerned, after some months' trial, we agree with him heartily. For writing music they seem to us convenient, and, being strong and lasting, in the long run cheap.

\* \* \*

AN interesting personage has just passed away in Mr. Henry Barnett, once a popular tenor, who in his youth was elected a pupil of the Royal Academy, on the suggestion of Sir G. Smart. He married Fanny Dickens, the eldest sister of the novelist, and it was their child who was the original of Paul Dombey. Mr. Barnett achieved some distinction on the operatic stage, and composed a number of songs.

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THE spectacle of twenty-one vans, loaded with American organs, would, no doubt, excite mixed feelings among people in the street, according as they saw in them so many instruments of torture or of pleasure. This was the sight offered, not long since, to the good folk of Boston, Mass., the ill-affected among whom may have rejoiced at the fact, if they knew it, that the 176 organs from the famous factory of Mason and Hamblin were all bound for England, to the order of Messrs. Metzler and Co. Joking apart, the procession was quite satisfactory evidence that English amateurs know a good instrument of the "free reed" class when it comes into their market.

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THE following little experience recently enjoyed by a well-known tenor seems worthy of narration. Having mislaid his copy of Handel's air, "Where'er you Walk," the artist in question sent a faithful but unmusical servant to procure a copy of the song. In due course the messenger reappeared, bearing, in place of the required piece, a certain music-hall ditty, entitled "I Like a Little Toddle down Regent Street," *not* by Handel. He had failed to secure the object of his quest, and so, imagining that words of an ambulant tendency were the chief desideratum, had picked out what he thought to be "the nearest thing."

## Sonnet of the Violinist.

(DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, TO  
DR. JOSEPH JOACHIM.)

—:0:—

What shall I bring to Music of my best?  
My skill to touch the four unfretted strings  
Whereby this gem of Stradivario sings?  
If naught but this, far better let it rest.  
Is mere mechanic art the solving test  
Of lofty genius? Can such temporal things  
Evoke the voice that weeps, or laughs or rings,  
Or dies away like sunlight in the West?  
Ah, no! Much more demands the Art Divine:  
It probes the deep recesses of my soul.  
All that makes man be offered at her shrine;  
All the grand mysteries from pole to pole.  
Then this Cremona voice shall things combine  
That lead the spirit to the heavenly goal.

C. H. MITCHELL.

Musical Life in  
London.

—:0:—

THE programme of the Popular Concert on January 30 was the most interesting one presented this season. On this occasion Miss Fanny Davies introduced for the first time in London Brahms' latest contribution to the musical world, consisting of two books of pianoforte pieces, written during his last summer holidays. The first book contains seven and the second three pieces. In the order which Miss Davies chose, two of the three Intermezzi, Op. 117, were performed first, next followed Nos. 3, 4, and 7 of the series of Fantasiestücke, Op. 116; and lastly, in response to the inevitable encore, she gave the second of the three Intermezzi. Brahms does not write programme music, and, except for two lines placed at the head of an Intermezzo in E flat, serving to show that the piece is intended as a cradle song, there is no indication that the pieces have any special significance. The composer of late years has often been at his best when he is at his simplest, and the charm of the little cradle song in E flat, and the movement which forms the fourth of the set Op. 116, took the special fancy of the audience. That they were rendered to perfection by Miss Davies may be taken for granted.

The next item was a new set of five vocal quartets with pianoforte accompaniments by Mr. Henschel. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mdle. Janson, and Mr. Shakespeare formed, as usual, an irreproachable quartet, and the important accompaniments were beautifully played by Mr. Henry Bird. Schubert's magnificent Trio in E flat, Op. 100, and Mendelssohn's Quartet in E minor, Op. 44, No. 2, completed the programme.

The string quartet on Saturday, Feb. 4, was Schubert's melodious A minor, Op. 29. Mr. Henschel's new Vocal Quartets, Op. 51, were repeated, and also the selection from the first set of Brahms' "Gipsy Songs," with the same executants as on the previous Monday. Mdle. Ilona Eibenschütz was the pianist of the afternoon, and played Beethoven's Sonata in C minor with precision and intelligence. Considering the technical and intellectual difficulties of the work, her success was encouraging. Being, according to Popular Concert rule, recalled and encored, she gave Brahms' beautiful "Wiegenlied," from the new set of pieces. Quite at her best was the youthful pianist in Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat, Op. 47, a work which in popularity stands but little behind the great Pianoforte Quintet in the same key.

On Monday, February 6, the programme

opened with Dvorák's Quartet in C, Op. 61, which had not been given previously at these concerts. That the quartet is a fine work is unquestionable, but its exact place in the catalogue of Dvorák's chamber compositions can only be determined after further acquaintance.

A second novelty of a more trifling character was a Romanza in A, for violin, by Signor Piatti, played by Lady Hallé. Mdle. Eibenschütz's pianoforte solos, Mendelssohn's Capriccio in E, from Op. 16, and the "Lied ohne Worte," Book VII., No. 1, were rather trifling selections for a classical audience. Beethoven's Trio in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, completed the instrumental portion of the programme. Mr. Eugene Oudin was the vocalist, who sang with charming refinement three beautiful songs by Franz and Grieg.

On Saturday, February 11, Dvorák's beautiful pianoforte Quintet in A, Op. 81, which must count for one of his masterpieces, and Piatti's Romanza in A, for violin, were repeated. The programme also contained Mozart's Trio in E, No. 6, and Beethoven's Variations in C minor for pianoforte, Mr. Leonard Borwick giving a fine interpretation of the last-named work. Miss Louise Phillips gave songs by Brahms and Mr. Arthur Somervell.

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The Wagner programme is a feature of Mr. Henschel's scheme that may be relied upon to attract a crowded assemblage. The concert on February 16 proved no exception to the rule, a large number of persons being unable to obtain admission to St. James's Hall. The programme included the final scene from "Das Rheingold," in which the pagan deities enter Valhalla; the quintet in Hans Sachs's workshop and Walther's prelude from "Die Meistersinger," the "Siegfried Idyll," and the prelude and orchestral version of the closing scene from "Tristan und Isolde." The quintet was sung by five of Mr. Henschel's pupils, Walther's music being entrusted to the American tenor, Mr. McKinley. The best performance of the evening was, however, that of the "Eroica" Symphony, the death march in which was most impressively rendered.

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up with less unanimity than usual. Miss Esther Palliser's singing of the beautiful air, "From Thy Love as a Father," came as a surprise to many among her audience, who scarcely credited her with the vocal power and artistic discretion necessary to the securing of so happy an end. The remaining soloists, all of whom acquitted themselves in satisfactory fashion, were Miss Margaret Hoare, Miss Marie Brema, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Norman Salmond.

The pupils of the Brixton School of Music gave a concert at Messrs. Erard's Recital Rooms, Marlborough Street, on Saturday, February 4. It frequently happens at concerts of this nature that the programme is not of a high order, but here it included only good names. It was, however, a pity only to give one movement of a Beethoven trio, but much had to be got in within little space. It is pleasing to find that Miss Stocken, the directress of this suburban school, is thus endeavouring to encourage a taste for the best music.

Miss Kate Chaplin, who recently played the violin before the Queen at Balmoral, is, I learn, a pupil of Mr. Pollitzer, one of the directors of the London Academy of Music, where also Miss Chaplin once studied.

## The Revival in Choral Singing.

### Interviews

with Mr. Henschel and  
Sir Joseph Barnby.

OF old chorus-singing was, musically speaking, the glory of England. It still is in provincial towns. Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and many another I could name, has each its one chorus or more; and if these adhere with a somewhat monotonous closeness to "Messiah," "Judas Maccabeus," "Elijah," "St. Paul"; if the chorus is generally too strong for the band, the band for the solo singers; if in a word our old choral societies are rather conservative and a trifle behind the age—well, at least, that is better than no choral societies at all. And, practically,\* London finds itself in the latter case. For London—advanced London, as we proudly name it—is, and for some years has been, almost choirless. The population is, I believe, over five millions. Of these, let me assume that two millions care the proverbial twopence for music, and are able and willing to go to that amount, or a trifle beyond, to hear it. Nay, I will be moderate. Let me say that half a million are willing to pay one shilling. What can they hear, and where can they hear it?

Well, in the matter of orchestral and operatic music we are a trifle better off than the provinces. But not so much so as might be imagined. The Covent Garden season and the Richter concerts are barred to the shilling man, the lowest price being the comparatively aristocratic half-crown. There is a shilling gallery, however, at Mr. Henschel's half-dozen concerts, and at the autumn series, of Covent Garden operas when some unfortunate Signor Lago is to be "squelched." But at this time of day there are few provincial towns where the Carl Rosa Company does not touch and give performances more than up to the Covent Garden

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autumnal standard; there are few large centres also where Sir Charles Hallé's band is not sometimes heard. Our advantage in these respects, I say, is not great. And when we come to chorus-singing, London at once falls into a second place. There is hardly a town in England where the standard oratorios, and even new works, are not often sung. No town, we say—except London. For Sir Joseph Barnby's chorus cannot do everything; and when they do something, the shilling man is not much better off, for the shilling you pay at the Albert Hall gives only the right of "admittance"—not the right to hear. Beyond the Royal Choral Society there is no first-rate chorus. Think of the strange noises made by the Bach choir, the harshness and poverty of tone of the Richter choir. Hitherto our chorus-singing has been poor in tone-quality, poor in vigour, poor in expressiveness.

Just at this moment the prospects for the future seem brighter. Mr. Henschel has commenced his choir, Mr. Shaw enlarged his, the Wagner people are organizing one, and Sir Joseph Barnby has formed a really fine chorus at the Guildhall School of Music. It remains now to be seen whether the paying public is large and enthusiastic enough to support these, and whether works of the right sort will be performed in a manner calculated to attract the said paying public. Anxious to know the purposes of the various conductors, I this month sent a representative to Sir Joseph Barnby and Mr. Henschel. These are his own words.

I caught Mr. Henschel in the act of his taking his little girl for a walk, and at once proceeded to pump him. I said:

"How many will you have in your choir to-morrow night, Mr. Henschel?"

"None," he replied. "The next concert isn't for another week."

Subdued, I proceeded:

"Well, what will be your average number?"

"In times of peace," Mr. Henschel amiably said, "my chorus will number one hundred and forty. But when we do a big programme, including, for instance, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, there will be added another hundred at least."

"I presume you have some special purpose in adding a chorus to your orchestra?"

"Well, yes—to make my concerts more interesting. We can now do such things as the last scene in 'The Meistersinger' without makeshifts; and when I want to perform the Ninth Symphony, it won't be necessary to go to Leeds for the choruses!"

"Can you give me any notion as to what you think of attempting in the future?"

"As I have indicated, the Ninth Symphony, but further ahead than that I don't myself see yet. Of one thing you may be certain: whatever we do will interest the public, and will be sung thoroughly well; my little body of one hundred and forty were carefully selected from over five hundred who applied. I can speak as to the care, for I did it myself, and very unpleasant I found it to have to send so many really good voices away, simply because they were not of the right sort."

Perforce contented with Mr. Henschel's replies, and seeing he was anxious to get his walk over, I said good-bye, and proceeded to the Guildhall Music School, which stands in the respectable company of the *Westminster Gazette* and *Weekly Sun* buildings. The courteous principal was lunching when I arrived. Presently he came in, and we at once proceeded to business.

"Now," said Sir Joseph, "I'll begin at the beginning. You know what the ordinary academy choir is. I was conductor of the chorus

at the Royal Academy after Shakespeare left. There was a fair number of girls, but of tenors and basses there were very few; indeed, only two or three. Of course we couldn't rehearse that way, and had to fill up with professional chorus singers. And you know what *they* are—just about as rough as they can be made. Well, that sort of thing is very well. The young ladies get a certain amount of practice in singing, but it is somewhat expensive, and the roughness of the male voices doesn't do much to cultivate the taste of the others."

"But," I interrupted, "how is it the male voices are so few?"

"Simply because the whole number of students is few, and because the percentage of ladies who take up music seems to be greater. The Royal College, for instance, has something over two hundred students, I believe, and the Royal Academy about double that number. Now, with us here things are different. We have as many thousands as the Academy has hundreds. Now, when I came here I found an excellent orchestra, but no chorus. I said to myself, 'Why shouldn't we have a chorus?' It was soon done. The committee made only one condition, and with this I quite agreed. They said only present students should be members. That, of course, entails some disadvantages. The chorus is bound to be a shifting body, and as it is completely changed every few years they cannot become so accustomed to their conductor as my choir at Albert Hall, for instance. But there are corresponding advantages. When we sing in public it is known that we have no professional help. At the concert we gave a few weeks ago, for instance, chorus and soloists were all students, and yet what a sensation we made in the City! Why, we've been immensely delighted to hear that such a concert has never been given here before; nay, more, that many believed it impossible that we could give such a concert. The only paid people were a few of the wind-players, the brass, and some violas. All the rest were our own students. But the instruments I have named must be hired, for so few play them."

"Will you tell me, Sir Joseph, what you consider the main usefulness of your choir?"

"First, the practice to the singers themselves; next, the practice to the orchestra in accompanying—a very difficult art; and last, the fact that every individual in chorus and orchestra gets an intimate acquaintance with the great works, and the names Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, are no longer mere names—the men become known in their music."

"Thanks. Only one more question: I see you are to sing Sullivan's 'Golden Legend' at St. James's Hall. Have you any special reason for going away from your own hall?"

"Decidedly. Each concert costs us over £200. If you ask, why that large amount? you have only to be reminded that the special platform required costs £60; there is the hire of the instrumentalists already referred to, and the printing and advertising. Well, we have already shown the City what we can do, and I say, if we must spend such a large amount, let us spend it next time in showing what we can do to the West-End. I quite believe we can hold our own with any of the existing choruses. I forgot to mention that we have about 250 voices—the list was filled in a few days—and it is my private opinion that we can not only hold our own, but may ultimately become the best chorus in England, that is to say, the world, for every member is a trained singer."

So ends my interviewer's interesting narrative. I shall, in all probability, have more to say on the subject next month.

## Gonnet of the Violinist.

(DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, TO  
DR. JOSEPH JOACHIM.)

—:o:—

*What shall I bring to Music of my best?  
My skill to touch the four unfretted strings  
Whereby this gem of Stradivari sings?  
If naught but this, far better let it rest.  
Is mere mechanic art the solving test  
Of lofty genius? Can such temporal things  
Evoke the voice that weeps, or laughs or rings,  
Or dies away like sunlight in the West?  
Ah, no! Much more demands the Art Divine:  
It probes the deep recesses of my soul.  
All that makes man be offered at her shrine;  
All the grand mysteries from pole to pole.  
Then this Crenona voice shall things combine  
That lead the spirit to the heavenly goal.*

C. H. MITCHELL.

## Musical Life in London.

—:o:—

THE programme of the Popular Concert on January 30 was the most interesting one presented this season. On this occasion Miss Fanny Davies introduced for the first time in London Brahms' latest contribution to the musical world, consisting of two books of pianoforte pieces, written during his last summer holidays. The first book contains seven and the second three pieces. In the order which Miss Davies chose, two of the three Intermezzi, Op. 117, were performed first, next followed Nos. 3, 4, and 7 of the series of Fantasiestücke, Op. 116; and lastly, in response to the inevitable encore, she gave the second of the three Intermezzi. Brahms does not write programme music, and, except for two lines placed at the head of an Intermezzo in E flat, serving to show that the piece is intended as a cradle song, there is no indication that the pieces have any special significance. The composer of late years has often been at his best when he is at his simplest, and the charm of the little cradle song in E flat, and the movement which forms the fourth of the set Op. 116, took the special fancy of the audience. That they were rendered to perfection by Miss Davies may be taken for granted.

The next item was a new set of five vocal quartets with pianoforte accompaniments by Mr. Henschel. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mdle. Janson, and Mr. Shakespeare formed, as usual, an irreproachable quartet, and the important accompaniments were beautifully played by Mr. Henry Bird. Schubert's magnificent Trio in E flat, Op. 100, and Mendelssohn's Quartet in E minor, Op. 44, No. 2, completed the programme.

The string quartet on Saturday, Feb. 4, was Schubert's melodious A minor, Op. 29. Mr. Henschel's new Vocal Quartets, Op. 51, were repeated, and also the selection from the first set of Brahms' "Gipsy Songs," with the same executants as on the previous Monday. Mdle. Ilona Eibenschütz was the pianist of the afternoon, and played Beethoven's Sonata in C minor with precision and intelligence. Considering the technical and intellectual difficulties of the work, her success was encouraging. Being, according to Popular Concert rule, recalled and encored, she gave Brahms' beautiful "Wiegelielied," from the new set of pieces. Quite at her best was the youthful pianist in Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat, Op. 47, a work which in popularity stands but little behind the great Pianoforte Quintet in the same key.

On Monday, February 6, the programme

opened with Dvorák's Quartet in C, Op. 61, which had not been given previously at these concerts. That the quartet is a fine work is unquestionable, but its exact place in the catalogue of Dvorák's chamber compositions can only be determined after further acquaintance.

A second novelty of a more trifling character was a Romanza in A, for violin, by Signor Piatti, played by Lady Hallé. Mdle. Eibenschütz's pianoforte solos, Mendelssohn's Capriccio in E, from Op. 16, and the "Lied ohne Worte," Book VII., No. 1, were rather trifling selections for a classical audience. Beethoven's Trio in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, completed the instrumental portion of the programme. Mr. Eugene Oudin was the vocalist, who sang with charming refinement three beautiful songs by Franz and Grieg.

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"Well, yes—to make my concerts more interesting. We can now do such things as the last scene in 'The Meistersinger' without makeshifts; and when I want to perform the Ninth Symphony, it won't be necessary to go to Leeds for the choruses!"

"Can you give me any notion as to what you think of attempting in the future?"

"As I have indicated, the Ninth Symphony, but further ahead than that I don't myself see yet. Of one thing you may be certain: whatever we do will interest the public, and will be sung thoroughly well; my little body of one hundred and forty were carefully selected from over five hundred who applied. I can speak as to the care, for I did it myself, and very unpleasant I found it to have to send so many really good voices away, simply because they were not of the right sort."

Perforce contented with Mr. Henschel's replies, and seeing he was anxious to get his walk over, I said good-bye, and proceeded to the Guildhall Music School, which stands in the respectable company of the *Westminster Gazette* and *Weekly Sun* buildings. The courteous principal was lunching when I arrived. Presently he came in, and we at once proceeded to business.

"Now," said Sir Joseph, "I'll begin at the beginning. You know what the ordinary academy choir is. I was conductor of the chorus

at the Royal Academy after Shakespeare left. There was a fair number of girls, but of tenors and basses there were very few; indeed, only two or three. Of course we couldn't rehearse that way, and had to fill up with professional chorus singers. And you know what *they* are—just about as rough as they can be made. Well, that sort of thing is very well. The young ladies get a certain amount of practice in singing, but it is somewhat expensive, and the roughness of the male voices doesn't do much to cultivate the taste of the others."

"But," I interrupted, "how is it the male voices are so few?"

"Simply because the whole number of students is few, and because the percentage of ladies who take up music seems to be greater. The Royal College, for instance, has something over two hundred students, I believe, and the Royal Academy about double that number. Now, with us here things are different. We have as many thousands as the Academy has hundreds. Now, when I came here I found an excellent orchestra, but no chorus. I said to myself, 'Why shouldn't we have a chorus?' It was soon done. The committee made only one condition, and with this I quite agreed. They said only present students should be members. That, of course, entails some disadvantages. The chorus is bound to be a shifting body, and as it is completely changed every few years they cannot become so accustomed to their conductor as my choir at Albert Hall, for instance. But there are corresponding advantages. When we sing in public it is known that we have no professional help. At the concert we gave a few weeks ago, for instance, chorus and soloists were all students, and yet what a sensation we made in the City! Why, we've been immensely delighted to hear that such a concert has never been given here before; nay, more, that many believed it impossible that we could give such a concert. The only paid people were a few of the wind-players, the brass, and some violas. All the rest were our own students. But the instruments I have named must be hired, for so few play them."

"Will you tell me, Sir Joseph, what you consider the main usefulness of your choir?"

"First, the practice to the singers themselves; next, the practice to the orchestra in accompanying—a very difficult art; and last, the fact that every individual in chorus and orchestra gets an intimate acquaintance with the great works, and the names Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, are no longer mere names—the men become known in their music."

"Thanks. Only one more question: I see you are to sing Sullivan's 'Golden Legend' at St. James's Hall. Have you any special reason for going away from your own hall?"

"Decidedly. Each concert costs us over £200. If you ask, why that large amount? you have only to be reminded that the special platform required costs £60; there is the hire of the instrumentalists already referred to, and the printing and advertising. Well, we have already shown the City what we can do, and I say, if we must spend such a large amount, let us spend it next time in showing what we can do to the West-End. I quite believe we can hold our own with any of the existing choruses. I forgot to mention that we have about 250 voices—the list was filled in a few days—and it is my private opinion that we can not only hold our own, but may ultimately become the best chorus in England, that is to say, the world, for every member is a trained singer."

So ends my interviewer's interesting narrative. I shall, in all probability, have more to say on the subject next month.

## How to Practise.

THE piece I give this month is a particularly useful study in three respects: first, it will develop a "firm" grip in playing big chords; second, it will aid the young student to get perfect independence of the hands; third, by studying the composer's intention and then assiduously trying to realize it he will learn something of the wonderful trick by means of which our great players convey to their listeners a clear and distinct feeling in every piece they play.

First, then, study all the chords until you know the fingering thoroughly; practise them again and again until you get the greatest possible volume of tone *without* stiffening fingers or wrist. A loose hand means a better tone-quality; a stiff hand means harshness and hardness. The two hands should be practised separately, and a few bars should be selected as a study.

While you are doing this be gradually acquiring independence of the hands. Practise hard at the little study I give for this purpose. Try to get the *forte* to sing out clearly in the one part, whilst the other is "sweet and low." In the octave passage use the third and fourth finger alternately, so as to get a true *legato*, but don't twist the hands about. They should be so quiet that a thimble would not roll off. And, by the way, remember that this octave-playing is capital to loosen the awkward third finger, which is such a nuisance to young players.

Now for the composer's meaning. Why should Schumann have called this little piece "Der Fremdemann"—"The Stranger"? Well, often he wrote a piece and gave it one particular name simply because he couldn't think of another. But very young readers must know that the Germans attach a peculiar meaning to the words "stranger," "wanderer," and others of the sort. They always think of men as "wanderers," as creatures who have somehow strayed into a cold, cheerless place called the world. Some of you may know Schubert's song "The Wanderer." Those who don't should get a big brother or sister, with a voice or without one, to play and sing it. Then you will understand this peculiar feeling which the Germans have. Now, Schumann here seems to have meant to express something of the kind. But instead of making his "stranger" whine like Schubert's "Wanderer," because here the sunlight is cold, and everything is worn and old, he makes him defiant. Have any of you ever got fast in a bramble-bush? If you have, you know you can do two things—either sit down and cry, or boldly tear yourself out. The latter plan is the best, though you may tear your clothes and scratch yourself a little. Now, when you are older you will often find yourselves stuck in bramble-bushes, and you will have to pull yourselves out. Schumann's "Stranger" you may imagine to be a man who, in a strange land, with staring, unkind faces on every side, gets stuck in the bushes, but doesn't care. He boldly pulls himself out and struts along. But at times he thinks of the beautiful land he came from, and to which he will return when his work-day is over. So what you have to do is to make him strut in the first part, make him sing softly to himself of his lovely home in the middle part, and, after getting noisy and rather boastful again, make him again dream along at the end. But if you ask us how you are to make the strut and the rest, you must feel like strutting, and must feel as if you wanted to sing about some beautiful far-away land you have heard of. You must be sympathetic, and read

the prettiest books and look at the loveliest pictures you can find.

Perhaps Schumann, after all, didn't mean any of this; still, that doesn't matter. You may be sure he felt defiant at the beginning, and happy in the middle of his piece, and that is the main thing, for in music feeling is everything.

## School Music in Australia.

What Dr. McBurney Says.

ARE the Australians musical?" is a question often asked, and I think there is abundant evidence to prove that at least they have the musical temperament, although, with the self-confidence of youth, they may be inclined to rate themselves too high. In the towns, every second house in the smallest streets has its piano, and teachers of music are almost as plentiful as dressmakers. In the bush, I have known a mining village in which, on the authority of the local agent, there were forty or fifty 120-guinea Erards, each carried for many miles on a dray dragged by bullock teams over an almost undrivable road.

Where, except in Melbourne, do you find a liberal committee giving one musician £5,000 for six months' work? and where could you find a body of singers who, for six months, devote three or four nights weekly to concerts and rehearsals of high-class music? Where is the biggest organ in the world? In Sydney, of course, the New South Welshman will tell you. And whence comes the latest *prima donna*, Madame Melba? From the land of the Southern Cross.

And, undoubtedly, good artists have been well received in their Australian tours, although, alas and alack! I have seen Madame Urso lose on every concert, and Wilhelmj play to a half-empty town-hall. But things are improving now, and the performances of the Victorian Orchestra have so educated the public taste that I should say it stands almost on a level with most English audiences.

By the way, as an example of colonial enthusiasm, I heard of a young lady who followed the Hallés to Sydney and Brisbane, and back to Melbourne, in order to be present at every concert they gave! This, of course, means time and money, as well as musical taste, and may explain in some degree why Australians are able to be more musical than less-favoured nations. Then there are two large Liedertafels, or male choirs, which have given successful concerts, and filled the town-hall to overflowing for years past. Not only does one hear first-class part-singing, but almost all the artists of note (vocal or instrumental) who have visited Melbourne have appeared in connection with their concerts.

In the larger cities fine organs and paid choristers are to be found, with a somewhat elaborate musical service, even in Presbyterian and Congregational churches. Every little bush congregation, often with no place of meeting but the local State school, aims at having a harmonium or American organ amongst its first requisites, and the Sunday evening is often passed at the house of the most conveniently-situated settler's, in singing Moody and Sankey's hymns.

It is therefore natural to expect that singing should have been provided for in the Education Code of the colonies, and for at least twenty-five

years it has been a subject of instruction. But the regulations for imparting instruction, and the musical results, vary greatly.

In Victoria there are special music teachers, who must pass an examination before being allowed to teach. They are generally appointed to a given district, having a certain number of schools to attend, sometimes all in one town, at others within reach of the railway, or only negotiable on horseback. Again, a head-master or assistant passes the examination, and teaches in his own school, for which he is paid. This year, I believe, the fiat has gone forth that singing is to be taught in every school, and the head-master or mistress is to be held responsible; but I do not know how it is working, although I thoroughly agree with the principle. I am afraid there is a good deal of rough singing in the Victorian schools from the specimens I have heard, the *suaviter in modo* being rather overwhelmed by the *fortiter in re*. The sight-singing was not very striking except in one or two schools, and these chiefly where Tonic Sol-fa was used. The system in general use is that known as the *Numeral Tonic* method, in which the Staff Notation is used, but the pupils sing by figure, 1 being the key-note, 2 the supertonic, 4 the subdominant, 5 the dominant, etc. The figures seem to me very unmusical, and in some schools the *Movable Doh* is used instead, with the Italian syllables instead of the numerals. There is a certain plausibility in the use of figures, as it is argued that the children already know the order in which they come. But experience proves that the mere fact of knowing that 6 is a fourth above 3 does not by any means imply the ability to sing the interval wanted. My own belief is that the majority of people do not sing by interval at all, but by a recognition of the quality or tone-character of the note to be struck (as connected with the tonic), just as we recognise the members of a family by their features and not because they are sitting on a row of chairs at certain distances apart.

In New South Wales the singing is much sweeter than in the neighbouring colony. Tonic Sol-fa is generally employed, except in Sydney, where an energetic musical director strongly favours the Staff in all but the lower classes. For many years every teacher has been expected to teach singing, and although it is not very methodical in some places the results are fairly good.

Queensland permits both notations, with a tendency to favour the Staff, and the teachers are again expected to give the lessons themselves. I found in Brisbane two very good schools, one trained on the Staff and one on Tonic Sol-fa. The Hullah method was also in use, but the results did not compare favourably with the others.

Tasmania was formerly wholly given over to Hullah, but a reaction in favour of Tonic Sol-fa set in some six or eight years ago, and among the requisites for three imported English masters was the ability to teach the new method, with a view to introducing it in the training schools.

It is several years since I was in South Australia, and at that time Tonic Sol-fa was taught generally in the State schools, but I was only able to examine one school, on account of the holidays, and that was scarcely a fair test. Since then a Chair of Music has been established in Adelaide, but what effect it has had on school music I cannot say.

New Zealand permits either notation to be used, but leaves each province to arrange its own details. Thus, in Auckland, Tonic Sol-fa was the recognised method, and when I was there three music inspectors had charge of three districts, in which they gave lessons,



directed the teachers, and taught the pupil-teachers. In the other districts each school-teacher was allowed to teach in his own way, and in some cases very fair singing was to be heard. The high schools and training colleges for teachers, under Government, generally have a special music teacher to give the singing lessons—the notations varying in different places.

It will be seen from these remarks that music is not neglected in the educational system of the colonies, and it must be remembered that a much larger proportion of the population attend the Government or State schools than attend board and denominational schools in England. Not only so, but all classes are constantly found attending these schools, which are frequently the only schools within reach, and hold their own in point of excellence against private institutions. The teaching of music in Government schools should therefore have important results in developing musical feeling, and if properly conducted must be a great factor in evolving musical nations from the colonies beneath the Southern Cross.

## Musical Prodiges.

THE editor of a recent collection of poetry about little boys and girls—a collection called, somewhat absurdly, "The Child set in the Midst," as if the child were not always in the midst—tells us in his preface that "the child has at last taken his proportionate place in poetry." However this may be—for the male bird is not greatly given to the study of verse dealing exclusively with little boys and girls—there is undoubtedly some truth in the cynic's remark that the child is in danger of taking much more than his proportionate place everywhere. As the petulant Andrew Lang observes, the amount of notice bestowed upon children by Shakespeare, Homer, and the Bible is just exactly as much as is good for them. The new tendency is to drag them everywhere, to keep them perpetually in everybody's way, to let them sprawl on every sofa, intrude into every conversation, put their sticky fingers on your best clothes in railway carriages, and play at hide and seek during breakfast time under the chairs and between the legs of the elderly, the meditative, and the chippy. It was an old notion that little boys should be seen and not heard; but nowadays the darlings are allowed to butt their parents' elderly guests about the base of the spine and to take other distressing liberties which one would rather have limited to one sex and to sweet seventeen and thereabouts.

Yes, these are emphatically the days when the child is being set "in the midst." Take music, for instance, as sufficient for our present purpose, and especially as this season we are having a real live musical prodigy in our "midst." At the rehearsal of one of Spohr's oratorios his little girl of eight years attended. She remained quiet until the final number, which was a fugue; then her eyes grew bright, and she listened with sustained attention. The proud parent concluded at once that his child had a *penchant* for music of a severe character, but he was somewhat disconcerted when, asking her about it, she replied, "Oh no, papa; but I know when that piece is finished we go directly home for dinner." The modern prodigy is not quite so prosaic as that. Little Josef Hofmann, who the other day was alleged to have reached India as a stowaway, is said to love his toys, his model steam-engine, his little

steamships, and all his toy games, just as any other child of his age generally does, but we hear nothing of a love for toffy and tarts. Perhaps it is just as well, otherwise he might have the ladies rewarding him in "kind," just as the society ladies of Mozart's prodigy days rewarded him with kisses, which his father lamented could not be turned into good louis d'or. In truth, it is nothing less than marvellous that a little fellow of ten should succeed in drawing audiences almost as large as Rubinstein himself. Whether these audiences can be reckoned as good judges is of course a question. The ladies who at Hofmann's recitals stand on chairs to catch sight of the wonderful prodigy are not always conversant with the music being played, and to them the question of what portion of the programme the young gentleman has reached is practically a hopeless one. But Josef is certainly a remarkable boy. When he was only four he began to bother his father to buy him a pianoforte, which his father could not afford. Before his fifth year, however, the precocious infant had got his piano, and had composed a mazurka for his parent's birthday. A pretty anecdote regarding him is to the effect that his father cured him of an attack of measles by promising to allow him to appear in public—a hint which should certainly be taken by the medical profession. Another little story recounts how, during an illness, he jumped out of bed early one morning, and hastening to the piano, played a pretty mazurka, after which he burst into tears. Explaining the cause of his trouble, he said that during the night he had composed two mazurkas, and he was crying because he could not recall the more beautiful of the two. This brings to mind Thackeray's idea of the excellent joke he had thought of over-night, but altogether forgot next morning.

The widely-circulated report that Hofmann had first been offered £5,000 by Mr. Abbey to play in New York, and had subsequently been promised twice that sum by certain charitable individuals to leave off and finish his education, necessarily gave a zest to the hunt for further prodigies. Many of them have appeared either at home or abroad, but most have turned out to be either clever school-girls, or boys drilled in a few stock pieces. Little Otto Hegner came as the first brilliant exception to the well-nigh general rule. In his case, as a certain critic put it, it would seem either that he had a very sensible father or very plain-spoken advisers. In the first place, Hegner did not make his *debut* as an unfledged performer. Although he was barely eleven when he appeared in London, he had received something like six years' tuition. His master, Hans Hüber, declined to allow him to come before the public imperfectly taught, recognising the fact that there is hardly a great pianist now before the public who was not in childhood a prodigy, and that the only danger in such cases lies in the chance that in the race for money and amid the glamour of public appearances the prodigy's education may be more or less neglected. In testing his capabilities, the critics were bound to compare Hegner with Hofmann, and the comparison was in no sense unfavourable to the former. Hegner has a marvellous touch, wonderful power, and technical ability of a truly remarkable sort; but besides that, and even when still in knickerbockers, he appears to possess at any rate the germs of that intellectuality which goes very far towards the making of a genius. There is little or nothing of juvenility about his style, and his programmes are formed of difficult music, which a youthful prodigy, as a rule, warily declines to attempt.

It was towards the close of the year 1890 that Master Jean Gérardy, the wonderful boy 'cellist

—who plays here this season, and of whom I give a portrait—made his first appearance in England. The critics about that time had got thoroughly tired of prodigies; and, indeed, there were those who confessed to entering St. James's Hall, where Master Gérardy was to perform, in a mood resembling that of persons called upon to do an act of penance. Had anything been known of the new boy 'cellist, or of his family, there might have been a predisposition in his favour; but the only information forthcoming in regard to the little stranger was that he was born at Liège in 1878, his father being a professor at the Conservatoire of that town. The personal appearance of the boy, however, aroused the interest of the audience. Though self-possessed, there was modesty in his demeanour. "Taking up a position behind his 'cello, he at once showed mastery over the instrument that seemed too unwieldy for his apparently feeble hands." In his first piece he quite excited the astonishment of the audience by the richness and purity of his tone, the beauty of his phrasing, and, above all, by the just and fervent expression of the composer's idea. These qualities were further revealed in the other numbers on the programme; and since that afternoon in the December of 1890 Jean Gérardy has been growing in stature as well as knowledge, while his fame has gone abroad over all the world fast.

The late Dr. Ferdinand Hiller of Cologne has some very wise remarks on musical prodigies. He believes there are prodigies in other branches of art, but the talent of music would seem to assert itself more strongly in early youth than any other. "As in everything else," says Dr. Hiller, "Nature here provides that which is most needful for the development of its creations; nevertheless, plenty is left for us to do. Even at the early appearance of a great musical talent, one need not speak of a wonder; and it is certainly a greater wonder if the bringing to maturity of such a talent enables us to greet an extraordinary artist. For nearly all the great musicians—composers as well as virtuosi—were prodigies; but not nearly all the so-called musical prodigies became great artists." With musically-endowed natures there often appears at a very early age remarkable pleasure in song and sound, a delicately-strung ear, acute perception, rhythmical motion, great memory, and skilful fingers. With the predestinate composer there is added, not only the gift of melodic invention, but also the ability to retain the melodies invented. But how much must be added to these qualities, how much must be developed from them, before a remarkable artist or a great composer is the result? Specific education, however excellent it may be, is insufficient; industry, energy, character, and courage are needed, and even these are not enough in the case of the artist if he lack individual perceptive power. And in the case of the composer there is necessary that peculiar, characteristic, and original power of invention whose gradations from narrowly-limited talent to real genius are countless. The great thing is to see that the prodigy is not spoiled by flattery—that he is not made simply a drawing-room darling. When Chopin appeared first as a little boy of nine, he had an immense success; but when his mother, who had remained at home, asked him to tell her all about the concert, he could only reply: "Oh, mamma! the ladies would do nothing but look at my collar." Chopin was always a dandy, of course; but it is to be feared that the ladies have no little hand in spoiling the prodigies who have no claim to be called dandies. Even the nuns lost their heads when little Franz Liszt came to play to them.



## Music in Australia. Marshall-Hall to the Fore.

WE have just received a bundle of newspapers from Melbourne, Australia, from which we gather good news of Professor Marshall-Hall. Since this gentleman went to the Antipodes he has been the object of attacks by musicians and the press. We have always supported him for precisely the same reason that we engaged him some years ago to write for this magazine, namely, because we knew him to be a thoroughly competent, practical musician and a thinker; and we are delighted to hear that our many Australian friends are coming over to our way of thinking.

It appears that some weeks ago there was a concert to be given in Melbourne city, and as Mr. Marshall-Hall was at that time much before the public, almost in the pillory we may say, and was being roundly abused by many people, it was thought rather a good advertising dodge to engage him as conductor. Mr. Marshall-Hall was therefore asked to do it. Now, many of the best players have recently left Melbourne because there was not enough work. This we learn from authentic and unbiased sources. It was, therefore, a foregone conclusion that the concert would be an artistic failure. To the delight of his opponents and the consternation of his friends, Mr. Marshall-Hall accepted the engagement, making certain stipulations as to rehearsals. At the first of these he completely won over his band. They worked for a fortnight "like niggers." At the end of that time the concert was given to a crowded hall, and resulted in a great victory. The programme included Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the soprano scena from "Der Freischütz," Prelude to "Lohengrin," Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Schubert's song, "The Young Nun," and the Introduction to Act III. of "Lohengrin." Let us quote the Melbourne press. *The Argus*, December 22, said: "Last night's programme opened with Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and the rendering of the allegro wherein 'fate knocks at the door' can be spoken of with almost unlimited praise. The pauses on the second and fifth bars were sustained *ff*, as they should be, and the succeeding diminution to *p* was all that could be wished for. From the first note of the symphony to the last the careful attention paid to accentuation and the signs of expressions cannot be too highly commended. With Schubert's Unfinished Symphony the orchestra had something within its legitimate sphere, and as in Beethoven the rendering again calls for undiluted praise. With such distinguished success as last night's, would it not be wise to repeat the programme at an early date?"

Other papers now lying before us speak in the same strain. We do not quote them, but give the following from a letter by Mr. Pabst, who occupies a high position as a musician in Melbourne: "I only write a few lines in haste to tell you how delighted I am at your great success in Wednesday's concert. I expected much from you, but you have surpassed expectation, and I felt quite happy on that night. One could almost fancy to be again in Europe, Berlin, Vienna, etc. Your reading of Beethoven and Schubert was interesting and finished in the highest degree, and you have proved to be a conductor of which any great orchestra in Europe could be proud."

The fact that Mr. Pabst hails from Vienna

accounts for the peculiarities of grammatical construction in his letter, and perhaps also for his evident notion that the ideal in musical performances is reached only in "Berlin, Vienna, etc." But he has a recognised position, and we are glad to have his testimony.

Some of our Australian friends are fond of talking of Australian musical greatness. Well, it may interest them to know that there was only one set of parts of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in Melbourne, and they had been used for six years. In them Mr. Marshall-Hall found over 120 important mistakes, besides a host of smaller ones. When Sir Charles Hallé was out there he gave a performance of that symphony, using the same parts. He was asked how it went, and replied, "Thank God we got through without a breakdown!" No wonder! The programme of Mr. Marshall-Hall's concert also acknowledged with thanks the fact that parts of the Unfinished Symphony were borrowed from Mr. So-and-so!

Now that Mr. Marshall-Hall has shown what he can do, we hope to hear of his co-operation with the Melbourne musical public, to the end that great things may be done.

## Antipodean Journalistic Methods.

OUR Australian cousins always assure us that we have much to learn from them, and we believe they are right.

Mr. Marshall-Hall, for instance, was called on by a *Herald* reporter disguised as a gentleman. A conversation ensued, and Mr. Marshall-Hall, under the impression that "private and confidential" was the order of the day, "let himself go" on the subject of music and musicians in Australia. To his prodigious astonishment, the whole appeared in next day's *Herald*, highly spiced. Unabashed, the guilty one wrote thus a few days later:

"PHILISTINE MELBOURNE: HAS IT ANY MUSICAL TASTE?"

SOME VIEWS ABOUT PROFESSOR MARSHALL-HALL.  
'WE ALL LIKE HIM, BUT HE'S A BIT MAD.'

"The interview with Professor Marshall-Hall, which we published on Wednesday, seems to have fallen among the class of musical professors and amateurs like a burning cracker among a congregation of cats. The spitting, the arching of backs, and the cacophonous squalling are considerable; and if Professor Marshall-Hall could be tossed to their fury, his ardent aspirations to be delivered from the soulless purgatory of the Victorian Philistine would probably be realized with fatal and sanguinary swiftness. For the musical professor of the University—the man who, from his position, should be the leader of musical taste—to say there is no musical taste to lead! Horrors! One can imagine each particular hair on the head of each particular musical professor standing on end at the idea—and that, despite the manifest difficulty of hair of such length standing without the adventitious aid of a beanstalk for each bristle. But, really, it is a serious indictment, and *The Herald* representative this morning made an effort to get the views of some leading musical men on the subject.

"It is not an easy thing to find gentlemen of the professional class during the morning. Those who are worth interviewing on such a subject are generally continuously busy with pupils. At the three large musical houses in Collins Street—Allan's, Nicholson's, and Glenn's—there are numerous teaching rooms, from which the incessant rum-tum-tumpty-tum-tum of multitudinous pianos assails the ear of the invader of the precincts, and where pretty pupils with saucy eyes and twinkling feet meet one on the stairs or in the corridors. Ah, me (be still, fluttering heart)! what it must be to be a musical professor! What an elysium of melody and maidens!"

He talked (so he says) with Mr. Julius Herz as follows:

"WHAT MR. HERZ SAYS.

"The first representative of the professional class to be seen was Mr. Julius Herz, one of our best-known teachers. Mr. Herz is entitled to be heard, because, as he says, he was one of those who was mainly instrumental in persuading the late Mr. F. Ormond to give £20,000 for the founding of a Chair of Music at the Melbourne University. 'When I took a prominent part in the matter,' says Mr. Herz, 'I had every hope that by the offer of a thousand a year and a house we should get a man out here who would, so to speak, lead the profession, work hand in hand with them, encourage what was being done, and take the lead by force of his position in musical life. But, so far, I have been sadly disappointed in the practical result achieved by the present occupant of the chair. It is no use speaking like Mr. Marshall-Hall does of people of the colony. We are all aware that the cultivation of any art is the outcome of wealth achieved by hard work. In consequence of wealth money can be spent for the refinement of the mind. In this colony there is still a great rush to consolidate fortunes, and the time devoted to the cultivation of art, in proportion to the Old Country, has been, to my knowledge, for the last twenty-five years highly creditable. When I arrived here twenty-five years ago, that great musician, Charles Horsley, was living here—a favourite pupil of Mendelssohn—and his influence was keenly felt in Melbourne. In 1866 we had performances in Melbourne of Beethoven's symphonies equal to any in any country. The teaching power in Victoria, and especially in Melbourne, is fully equal to the teaching power of any city of the same number of inhabitants in the globe. Every branch of our art is excellently represented, and the music made in private circles here stands good comparison with the most cultivated musical city in the world—aye, even including Germany. Great musicians who have visited the city—even like Wilhelmj and Sir Charles and Lady Hallé—have said that they never had more appreciative audiences.'"

An Australian operatic tenor, now of European fame, tells us that Mr. Julius Herz had nothing whatever to do with the founding of the "chair." We sincerely hope he has "rubbed down" this *Herald* imp, who goes on thus:

"Then I gather that you have not a very high opinion of Mr. Hall?" "Well, he is a very clever young man, I have no doubt; but at present he is in the 'storm and stress' period of life, as the Germans say. He is all bubble; he wants to settle down, and then I dare say he will be capable of very good work. He has expressed a wish to leave Melbourne. Well, I have little doubt that the authorities will not stand in his way to get home again. We want practical men in Melbourne in every branch of life and art, because, as Goethe sings, 'Grey is all theory; a fresh green tree is practice.'"

The *Herald* man runs off some more of this sort, including a long quotation from a gentleman who, though an eminent musician, does not wish his name to be known! Without comment, we give a few more excerpts of a more or less reasonable nature from the Antipodean press:

"PHILISTINE MELBOURNE.

"A CHAT WITH PROFESSOR MARSHALL-HALL.  
"MUSICAL TASTE?—THERE ISN'T ANY."

"Do you know this Professor Marshall-Hall, of whom the papers talk so much?" the writer recently asked of a Melbourne lady of wide culture and broad views. "He must either be a man of genius, courageously expounding unfamiliar truths, or an unmitigated crank, judging from the flippant way in which the papers laugh at his deliverances." "He is a man," was the reply, "who is beloved by all who know him, and laughed at by those who don't."—A character-summary somewhat parodying Oscar Wilde's epigram about George Bernard Shaw, "He has no enemies and none of his friends like him." The Professor has recently been lecturing on Musical Aesthetics, and nearly all the local papers, *The Herald* included, have apparently relished the reports of these discourses as huge jokes, comical enough to "create a soul beneath the ribs of death."

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"I expected to find Professor Marshall-Hall a crank, deficient in the sense of humour, a pedant, impregnably egotistical, and so on. The expectation was not realized. I sought him at his pleasant residence at St. Kilda. A glance round his room while waiting indicated the tastes of the owner. A copy of the ponderous thick folio score of Wagner's "Tristram und Isolde" filled an arm-chair; a score of one of Beethoven's Symphonies lay open upon the piano. Upon an easel stood a fine large copy of a study of a head, signed by John Pettie—presumably a present to the Professor from the distinguished Royal Academician; and on a bracket quite near rested a copy in plaster of a head by Michael Angelo. The soft fabrics about the room further tended to create an artistic atmosphere. I told the Professor that I had come to interview him. 'All right, I'm game,' he said, with a buoyant boyish laugh; 'fire away.' It did not need much inducement to get him to talk about his favourite subject, music. If enthusiasm be a fault or a folly, then Professor Marshall-Hall may be eminently blameworthy.

"Those lectures of mine? Well, I was asked to give them, and said I would if forty would guarantee their support. That number very soon came forward, and the attendance has been very fair all along. My object? Oh, what I wanted to show was the relation of music to art, and of art to life. The views I have been expounding are only such as have been freely expressed in England among people who take an interest in music and art for years and years."

"What about the last two lectures on the C minor symphony?—What I endeavoured to do in those lectures was to show in words the emotions which that music, when it is properly played, arouses in me."

"Mr. Ruskin lays it down that all great art is to be tested by the great ideas it contains. I suppose you mean that you have tried to show the great ideas Beethoven has expressed in this symphony?—Exactly so. To do this I analysed the symphony carefully, taking it phrase by phrase, and trying to find the composer's meaning in the music. Some of the reports of the lectures have been curiously erroneous. One of them said that I had compared the third movement of this symphony to the Wandering Jew. Put in that form it looks ridiculous enough. But what I actually did was to point out that the atmosphere, so to speak, of the opening of this third movement was like the atmosphere of certain portions of Eugene Sue's story of the Wandering Jew—there is in both works of art the same impetuous impulse onwards."

"What idea have you formed of the musical taste of Melbourne?—'Taste? There isn't any. I am bitterly disappointed. I came here under a fearful misapprehension. I had heard of Melbourne as quite a phenomenal place for music—a new country where everybody delighted in the highest form of musical art. Cowen was out here conducting an orchestra that performed to enormous crowds. But when I came, full of hope, I found that the love of music of which I had heard so much was practically non-existent. You see, it was boom-time then. Everything was boomed. Music was boomed among the other things. When Cowen's orchestra performed some classical masterpieces (performed them frightfully badly, by-the-by)—you know Cowen's capacity; they have just got rid of him from the old Philharmonic Society in London—they were the first examples of fine music the people here had heard, and as they didn't have to pay anything extra for it, they listened. They praised everything indiscriminately. So did the newspaper critics. Why, look here,' continued the Professor, darting to the piano, 'look at this score.' (It was a score of one of Beethoven's symphonies.) 'When I came to look through it I found whole passages cut. I asked the reason why, and was told that Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who conducted after Cowen left, had cut these pieces out because he thought the symphony too long. Good gracious! He! He! He! thought Beethoven didn't know his business! This man—Hamilton Clarke—did! Why, only yesterday, my amateur orchestra was practising another of the symphonies. I found that in all the parts two bars had been cut out—goodness knows why—but they were not cut out of the conductor's score. And yet that symphony had been performed at least sixty times in Melbourne

from these same parts; Cowen conducted it thirty times, I should say. That's the way they did things."

"Your opinion of Melbourne's musical taste is very low?—'Practically there isn't any musical taste here at all. At the University there are some promising students, one particularly so. I have here a composition of his, which is excellent. There is a vein of fine melody in it. He is a New Zealand student, and really one feels that it has been worth coming out here if only to help on a man like that. But I shall be glad when my five years are up. I want to go back where one can hear some music.'

"I suppose you are a Wagnerite, Professor?—'Good heavens, no! Don't think I am one of those miserable creatures who think Wagner the only great musician who ever lived, and decry Beethoven, Mozart, and all the rest. No; I think Wagner unapproachable in his own style—that of music-drama; just as Beethoven, with his severe dignity, is supreme in his manner of art. The two are each supreme, in fact, each in his own style.'

"Ah, well, Professor, it is evident that if you are going to elevate the musical taste of Melbourne, you have all your work cut out.—'Ah,' he replied, laughing, 'it will stand a lot of elevating.'

"The impression conveyed by this tall, genial, athletic man is certainly not that of a crank or of one lacking all sense of humour. An enthusiast in his art he is, and as outspoken as enthusiastic. But enthusiasm and courage are qualities to be prized in these flabby days."

"PROFESSOR MARSHALL-HALL AND HIS CRITICS."

"To the Editor of the 'Herald.'"

"SIR,—the controversy in your columns anent Professor Marshall-Hall is really amusing. Of all the opinions expressed, not one is reliable, for the simple reason that the givers are entirely ignorant of the work the Professor is doing."

"Having attended most of the lectures at the university last year (though I was unfortunately unable to do so this year), perhaps I can throw a little light on the subject. When I began to attend his lectures I thought I knew something about music, but my eyes were opened, notwithstanding my having been under the tuition of recognised professors of music. I now know the frauds."

"I soon found that I really knew nothing of the practical side of the art, and less about the scientific or philosophic side. I can honestly say that I have learnt more since I attended the professor's lectures than I learned during my lifetime. All the students can testify to the clearness with which the subject is dealt by the Professor, and they will also indicate their improvement. By the lectures that have been printed one gets only a bare outline of the good work being done at the university, but they have there a résumé of his theory. He has proved to our satisfaction his theory; and if he is wrong, we would be pleased if some one of our so-called musicians would put us on the right track."

"As a proof that our musicians are entirely ignorant of the Professor's doings, and that they draw their conclusions from hearsay, I shall touch one instance. Take that criticism about Mendelssohn. I was present when the Professor criticised his music, and these were his words in substance: 'The work of "Elijah" is, on the whole, dramatic; but speaking of "It is Enough," he said the interval to the word life ("Now take away my Life") was very inappropriate. Let anyone play the passage (or, what is preferable, sing it), and if he does not come to the conclusion that it is a whine, then I pity his taste.'

"The Professor also said that the overtures to 'The Hebrides,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Calm Sea,' and 'Prosperous Voyage' were among things imperishable, but that a lot of his music was trash. Now, this is quite correct and defies criticism, for it is well known that heaps of Mendelssohn's music is not renowned for emotional content. To say that Mendelssohn ought to have his throat cut is a downright lie. Does anyone dare deny the Professor's remarks about Cowen? If so, he is no artist. What has he written? Omitting his Scandinavian Symphony (which has even been adversely criticised on the Continent), all his works are mere rubbish. Witness his sentimental songs. Sentimental twaddle, rather! Look at his 'Ruth,' too. Why, on every

page almost one can discover forbidden passages. On the first page only there are consecutive fifths in abundance."

"The extracts given by the *Argus* the other day show what a weak case these critics possess. Neither of them is written by a musician, and, therefore, they carry very little weight. If extracts were of any consequence, I could fill your columns with adverse comments on Cowen."

"If we are to expect any improvement in our art life, we must partly look to our critics. Who have we on our leading morning newspapers? Either they are perfect ignoramuses, or they are enemies to the cause. They praise everything almost. Certainly they have designedly rubbed it in to our City organist; but we have had and are constantly having performances where infinitely worse programmes are submitted, and yet the critic's praise is loud and long. They will never further the interests of music."

"I defy anyone to contradict the Professor's remarks about our conductors. How can they possibly conduct when they do not understand music, and sneer at the Professor when he explains its inner meaning?"

"A great authority says that no man can conduct who is ignorant of singing, for he, and he only, can interpret the *melos* of the work. Show me a professed conductor in Melbourne who knows anything about singing. And yet, when the Professor endeavours to enlighten them, he is called mad, etc. Oh, that they were as mad as he! Shall we ever forget the expulsion of Signor Tazon, the best conductor that has yet visited our shores? "I am, etc.,

"J. H. W."

"To the Editor of the 'Herald.'"

"I think far too much importance has been attached to the sentimental utterances of our University Professor of Music. Naturally, from the exalted position in which he is placed, his words are expected to carry weight with the public. It is hard to believe that Sir Chas. Hallé told him that there were not six capable teachers of music in Melbourne; and, if he did so, someone must in the first instance have told Sir Charles."

"Musicians of maturity like Sir Charles Hallé, as a rule, are very cautious in their remarks respecting their brother artists, and it comes to me as a surprise that so damaging a statement could escape the lips of so great and distinguished a musician. I have forwarded the statement alleged by Mr. Marshall-Hall to have been made by Sir Charles Hallé, and in due course I shall probably receive an explanation."

"We all know how freely new chums express their views before they have had time to make themselves acquainted with the conditions and progress of the country, and Mr. Marshall-Hall is no exception. It will take him all his time for the next three years to arrive at the standard of some of our leading Australian practical musicians, either as a performer or as a composer, and I say this with no desire to depreciate his talent."

"The great good that our University Professor could do to the members of our own profession is not likely to be achieved by publicly depreciating their abilities, and it is to be hoped that with growing years of experience Mr. Marshall-Hall will show us by his writings and practice as a musician that he himself is worthy of a high position in the estimation of his fellow musicians. The term 'musical taste' is so very comprehensive that a definition of the kind of taste sought for should be expressed."

"In our churches we have the best music by the greatest musicians rendered as faithfully and well as in the leading cities of England, and I submit our concert programmes exhibit judgment and tact equal to that found in other countries. Space will not permit me here to mention what has been done in musical matters in the way of composition or performance, but I propose at an early date to read a paper giving our musical history from Charles Edward Horsley—the best musician who ever set foot in Australia—to the distinguished Professor at our University."

"I must explain that I should not have thus publicly taken exception to some of Mr. Hall's remarks anent 'teachers of music' had I not for the last twenty-five years been commissioned by the Government of this colony to sign 'licenses' and 'certificates' after due examination, testifying to the ability of the recipients of the same as duly qualified to act as 'teachers.' Trusting, however, that good may even come out of the 'troubled waters,' and that ill-feeling may not further arise,

"I am, etc.,  
"J. SUMMERS."

## A Very Great Musician.

"HOW do you do, Lord Stratton?"  
"I am very well, thanks. Awful crush, isn't it? Oh, Mrs. Mathers, do you know who that little girl is sitting alone there in the corner?"

"My dear Lord Stratton, how can I possibly see into any corners amongst a crush of two or three hundred people?"

"Oh, well, she's just near us, and I thought— They do crowd these rooms too much, eh? Even when one expects a crush, as one always does at the Stanby's, it is rather overpowering. I came early, so I got into the room, but some people—"

"Hush!" said someone behind him. "Here he comes!"

"He" was the lion of the evening, the star towards which all eyes were directed. He was not a very large star, certainly; a little dark fellow, with a sallow face and unhappy, restless eyes, which flashed round at his audience as if daring them to judge him before they heard him play. He came up with his violin in his hand, and took his stand on the small platform, specially provided for him, report said, so that he should not be lost in the crowd!

"Ugly little brute!" was Lord Stratton's comment, as the musician lifted his instrument to his shoulder, and curled his long fingers nervously over the strings before he began his performance.

And he did play magnificently. People who were ultra-critical, and were not swept away by the passion and abandonment of the performance, denounced him as a victim to the French School. He certainly indulged in the tremolo to a very great extent, but it had the effect of tearing the instrument's heart out, and the more impressionable of his audience almost expected to see him put down his violin bleeding and inert like a human thing. Mrs. Mathers, who loved music, wiped her eyes on a handkerchief two inches square and the rest Honiton, and turned to look for Lord Stratton. But he, after one long sigh of pleasure, had worked his way through the crowd, back to the side of his "maiden-all-forlorn" in the corner.

He had been introduced to her half an hour ago, and taken a fancy to her face—"Such a very pretty little face, don't you know, like a southern's with that passionate mouth and eyes, and the warm skin"—and was quite ready to return to her side.

She greeted him with a swift glance from the sombre eyes, but the full lips still kept their downward curve.

"Well, what did you think of that last performance?" he asked genially, leaning against the wall beside her. "Are you Tito Naudin mad like the rest of us?"

The girl's eyes drooped, and her hands played with the fan lying on her knee for a moment before she answered.

"He is my cousin," she said indifferently.

Stratton stared.

"Your cousin? You are not joking?" he asked.

"No, I am very much in earnest," she responded dryly. "He is my cousin—Tito Naudin, the violinist."

"By Jove! I envy him!" was in Stratton's thoughts. Aloud he said: "Really? That must be awfully jolly!" a little vaguely.

"Must it?" asked the girl, and her smile was somewhat inscrutable.

Tito was the man of the hour; a small crowd hovered round him as its centre as long as the light of his presence was shed on the Stanby's "at home." Once, as the crowd parted a moment, he came face to face with a ghost of old memories—a girl's face, framed in heavy, blue-black hair, the sorrowful eyes looking at him with reproachful despair; then some movement on his own or someone else's part, and a newer and, to him, fairer face intervened, and he ceased to wonder if it had really been Ninon, little Ninon! What was she doing here, if it were she? And then—then—someone said something very pretty to him, and he even forgot that he had ever been in Venice with the owner of the reproachful eyes, or that they had floated down the Grand Canal (in company with a great many tourists) in the moonlight, and she had leant that dusky head against his shoulder for an instant, while the gondola was passing through the shadows. . . .

There is no need for details; they did not trouble Tito. He went home and thought of all the homage he had received, and that fame was very pleasant; and then he kissed his violin (because he was a Frenchman and a fool, you see, and not like an Englishman would be under the circumstances), and swore to it that as it had brought him fame, they would be all in all to each other for ever, and grow more famous till the world was at his feet, etc., etc. But if anyone had given him a better instrument, I fear his "chérie" and "petit ami" would have been laid aside on state occasions, or relegated to practice. Tito was but mortal, as he himself owned.

Some days afterwards somebody told him that he had met a cousin of his, and he laughed and said it was possible; but he knew then that the ghost was no ghost, and looked out for Ninon.

"It is some time since we have met, ma mie," he assured her, somewhat uselessly, as that was a point on which she was more likely to be assured than he.

"Yes," she answered. "You forget very easily, Tito."

He passed over the last words; those reminders were beneath the notice of such a very famous violinist as he had become.

"Look, Ninon!" he said, pointing out a tall man with a grave, plain face. "There is the ambassador of —. Peste! he holds the keys of my empire for me. If I could get his ear, I would be court-violinist to the Prince over the heads of Signor Mercati and Herr Schwatz. Look you, Ninon, he is in search of a wife, it is whispered. Use your fascinations on him, mon enfant, and when he is assured, speak for your poor cousin, and the thing is done! He would refuse his little wife nothing!" and he laughed lightly, unheeding the pain in the girl's eyes and the tightly-clasped little brown hands.

"You say so, Tito? Béné!" she replied.

"Is not monsieur going to play for us?" asked a clear English voice at this moment.

"Pardon, mademoiselle!" Tito said, turning eagerly to the golden-haired girl who was smiling at him, and scarcely hearing his cousin's low words.

But he hardly believed his ears, six weeks later, when it was known that Ninon was going to marry the ambassador of —.

"But my suggestion was then excellent," he thought, caressing his moustache. "Well done, my Ninon! We shall get that appointment yet between us." Then he laughed. "The little witch! how did she manage it? Did she cast a spell over that grave, dark controller of my fate? There is no judging these Italians!"

Ninon's "spell" was contained in the passionate abandonment of her own will to an

unworthy object; but Tito gained his appointment, and Society shrugged its shoulders and talked of "interest at court."

"To think of your little friend of the corner developing into such a grand personage!" Mrs. Mathers said, laughing, to Lord Stratton. "I should not have guessed that the ambassador would have fallen a victim even to such *beaux yeux* as hers. There is something tragic in her face, is there not? It is a fortunate thing for Monsieur Naudin, but he takes it as coolly as if it were but his due."

Stratton did not reply, save by a cynical quotation:

"She was only a woman famished for loving,  
Mad for devotion, and such slight things;  
And he was a very great musician,  
And used to finger his fiddle-strings."

DOROTHY LOWNDES.

## Verdi's New Opera.

MILAN is gone mad.

We here know something of "booming." "Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan," as they used to be called, have taught us once for all the trick of "creating" an interest in a new opera. Keep everything secret, leave the name undecided until the last moment, go about on tip-toe, finger on lip, let drop mysterious allusions to the surpassing splendours of the new work—do this, and it is a hundred to one, as the above-mentioned firm know, that the public will become immensely curious. Why curious? one asks; and the answer is, Simply because they can't get to know.

But what are our arts to those of the astute Italian—our artfulness to his? We are but as children on the sea-shore, etc., as Newton said; we know a few hints, but the Italian is as one who was in at the creation of the world. His judgment is infallible. He knows our every weak point, and uses his knowledge with marvellous skill. See how all Europe ran to see a new opera by Mascagni; see the world bumping one another, outbidding each other, for a seat at the first performance of "Falstaff." How is it done? the despairing English impresario cries. We will tell you, Mr. Impresario. Persuade your composer and librettist, your publisher and critic, to buy seats (for their own performance, mind you!) at £10 apiece, or, at any rate, to say they have done so; have the fact recorded and manifolded and plentifully distributed among the press; refuse to sell any tickets under that amount; and you will have either a phenomenal success or a terrific failure.

The correspondents of the London daily press have, unconsciously to be sure, shown that this is how the thing is "worked." And the thing is "worked," which is the main point. Against Verdi we have nothing to say; but we stick to this, that without these "electioneering tactics" "Falstaff" would have produced none of this sham enthusiasm. Yet we can hardly call it sham. The personality of the veteran, the mystery, the artfully produced excitement, have hypnotized the mob of European critics and musicians who at present infest Milan. They have gone clean mad. They find Verdi's music "that of a young man" (*D. T.*), boyish, and this, that, and the other. The critic of one evening paper who we know cannot play anything more advanced than the five-finger exercise of childhood, has spent an afternoon "over the score which Signor Ricordi has courteously sent" him, and "cannot help saying that" he is "astonished beyond" his "expectation at the



vivacity, the youthfulness, the winsomeness of this music." We are not surprised! Other critics have "interviewed" Verdi, and the tone of their criticisms suggests that Verdi, or Verdi's manager, has "interviewed" them.

We reserve our opinion of the new work for the present. We decline to join in the mad applause of the mob who in a fortnight may be (metaphorically speaking) crucifying the object of their hero-worship. For opinion is already setting that way: reaction has begun. The immaculate London press is already declaring that: "It may almost be read between the lines of the newspaper criticisms that Verdi's 'Falstaff' mainly owed its success to the personality of the composer. The music, indeed, is by some described as eccentric rather than original." When we have carefully analysed the opera we shall say what we think of it.

## The Composition of the Month.

### Miss Smyth's Mass.

LET me communicate a secret to my readers. The great scandal of the nineteenth century is not the railway rates, the sweating system, nor the misappropriation of the City funds; it is the impossibility of getting the dead buried. I do not refer to those perfectly respectable persons whose hearts, generous or otherwise, have ceased to beat, who take their chilly ease in the kind arms of Mother Earth. I mean those terrible people who have no idea that they're not alive, that their soul, their true self, was destroyed years ago. They meet you in the street, and, whilst you shudder in helpless terror, indulge in ghastly merriment, rolling their glassy eyes, and ask how you are and if your wife and children at home are well. They say of Jones, deceased yesterday, "Ah, poor fellow, I didn't think he would hold out long." How often have I heard the remark made and desired to ask, "Pray, sir, how long is it since you lived?" But it is curious that so long as a corpse can eat and drink, and wear clothes, and carry a walking-stick, it is absolutely impossible to persuade it that it is really dead.

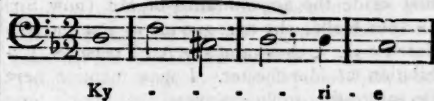
This, I say, is a scandal, the scandal of the day. For this awful species—about three-fourths of the world's population, I reckon—stop progress in politics, art, and science. It is an infallible sign of a dead person that he hankers after the modes and forms of a forgotten day. Everything done recently is bad, wrong, even wicked; everything (or much) done in years ago is good and perfect. For instance, the corpses who teach in many of our music schools and get themselves examined and made music doctors by other corpses—these, refusing the Wagnerian music-drama and the Wagnerian harmonic progressions, go back to oratorios and psalms, and fugue and double-counterpoint. And the mischief is, they teach healthy young men and women to do the same.

Miss Smyth is a lady of great powers. She has much to say, and considerable aptitude for saying it. But she has come so much under the influence of the above-mentioned offensive class as to actually, in the tail-end of the nineteenth century, write a Mass. Not a Mass, note, as a piece of religious work, but solely for performance in the concert-hall. I venture to say that everyone must approach her work with a certain amount of prejudice. Was she compelled by an inward need to write in this particular form, or was the form forced on her from

outside—by her own reason, or by the influence of her former teachers? I am compelled to say that a most careful analysis of the work tells me that the latter view is correct. I cannot feel that Miss Smyth speaks naturally, as she did in a little suite for strings played by Mr. Henschel some years since. But my readers may judge for themselves.

The work opens with an adagio of peculiar structure. The basses announce this theme:

Adagio  $\text{♩} = 70$ .



Ky - - - ri - e

This is continued for eight bars more. The whole twelve bars is then repeated four times in succession, always by the basses. The first time the tenors supply a counterpoint; the second, the tenors and altos; and the third, the tenors, altos, and trebles. Miss Smyth gets variety by writing the accompaniment of the other voices in triplets on the fourth repetition. With this fourth repetition the end of the "Kyrie" section is reached. The "Christe eleison" is given to all the voices in the form of a free accompaniment to the theme above-quoted, now delivered *ff* on trombones and horns. I pass over a long and not too fruitful "working-out." At the *piu mosso*, however, we get a noteworthy passage; but to one's great surprise an anti-climax follows in the shape of a gradual and much too long subsidence to the original theme, again worked somewhat as at first. It is given to altos and basses, and the sopranos and tenors supply the usual counterpoint. This concludes a fairly effective number, the only fault of which is over-great length and somewhat loose construction.

Of the "Gloria" I have little to say. It is like a hundred other "Glorias" of the Haydn and pre-Haydn period. It opens with a fairly effective figure on the strings, and this leads into the usual *fortissimo* entry of the chorus. There is a section, however, "Et in terra pax luminibus," which should be noted, as for once Miss Smyth tries, and, to an extent, succeeds in writing beautiful music. Hitherto the only word applicable to her Mass is "clever." It is not possible to quote effectively. Passing over the resumption and "working" of the first subject, we will give the following, the opening of another section, a duet for bass and alto, in which Miss Smyth tries her hand not without result on the higher, the expressive kind of music:



ge - ne - te

etc.

This worked effectively, the chorus is added, and gradually a long and skilfully *crescendo* leads into the "Tu solus." Here at once I feel the lack of inspiration. The mountain heaves, and, behold! a mouse walks forth. Instead of some great, solid theme we get this figure, which I am bound to say strikes me as altogether inadequate:



Tu so - lus Dom - i - nus

It is sung *ff* by all the voices in unison, but its inherent weakness is too great to allow of any effect being made. And it is only later (P. F. score, p. 40) we find it in its proper place. Skilfully used, it helps a mysterious, lovely, and decidedly novel effect in the setting of the words: "Jesu Christe cum Sancto Spiritu," etc.

I pass by the remainder of the "Gloria" and much of the "Credo," which, like the former number, is very much the "usual sort of thing." At the "Incarnatus," however, we have some charming music; and later again in the "Crucifixus" Miss Smyth reaches her high-water mark in expressive music. Indeed, were the whole equal to some of this, the Mass would be a great work. As it is, it falls short of greatness. At the same time, when we remember that Miss Smyth writes finely whenever the words seem to inspire her, there can be no doubt that she will give us something great when she finds a congenial subject, a subject that has some relation to the life she lives. For instance, her dramatic instinct is aroused here and at the "Resurrexit," and she gives us dramatic music. The latter section is written with a grip and intensity that are astonishing, and throw both the earlier and the remaining parts of the Mass entirely into the shade. I again skip—this time over one of my pet abominations—a nineteenth-century fugue on the words: "Et vitam ventura," etc. If a woman went into the streets dressed as a "lady of the last century," the little boys would run after her and the elders indulge in mirth. I indulge in mirth when the woman stays at home and sends out her ideas clad in last-century garb.

The "Benedictus" is written in what might be called the "Benedictus" rhythm, it is so frequently used by "Benedictus" writers. Nevertheless, there is some charming music here. I will make one last quotation:



In the "Agnus" there is a return to the theme of the "Kyrie," and this, prettily worked out, makes a good finish.

To sum up: the Mass is the work of a skilful enthusiast who has a keen sense of the beautiful, but has not yet found a suitable subject. Her treatment of certain passages would lead me to suspect that in music-drama or cantata she would be successful. Anyhow, her work so far is creditable to English music. It far surpasses the scores of French, German, and Italian hotch-potch Masses which appear every year—surpasses them in purpose and actual performance, and still more in promise for the future.

J. F. R.

## Mr. Edward De Jong.

**A** GENTLEMAN famed not only in the manufacturing districts of the north of England, but in every part of the British Isles, is Mr. Edward De Jong, the eminent flautist. Being aware of Mr. De Jong's popularity, we think a brief sketch of his somewhat eventful life may be acceptable to our readers. A representative of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC waited upon Mr. De Jong.

"Of course you will want to know where I was born?" asked Mr. De Jong.

"Yes," replied our representative, "that is usually the commencement of life, and we had better begin at the foundation and work upwards."

"Very well, then," answered Mr. De Jong.

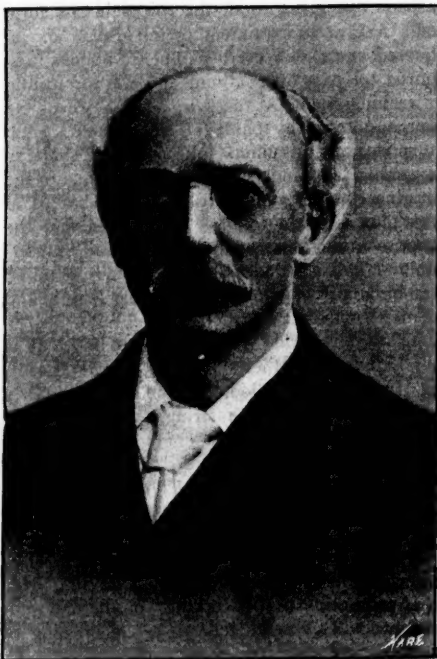
"I was born at a small town in Holland called Deventer, and began to play the flute—a very primitive one, to be sure—at about eight years of age. My father, himself a musician, soon saw that I displayed some talent for the instrument, and, as an encouragement, presented me with a better flute, at the same time placing me under a local teacher, who, amongst other instruments, including the bassoon, double bass and horn, also performed a little on the 'German flute.' Under his guidance I made such rapid progress, that, after two years' tuition, on playing a solo at a public concert, he informed my father that he could teach me no more, and that it would be advisable to send me away to obtain the best advantages of a musical education. So it came about that at thirteen years of age I was sent to Cologne, where a conservatorium, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, had just been opened. 'Der Kleine Holländer,' as I was there called, in due course picked up the language, and tried to take advantage of all the good things, musical and otherwise, that were offered there. I learned to play, as well as the instrument of my choice, the pianoforte and the violin, whilst Ferdinand Hiller, who had for some reason or another taken a special fancy to me, instructed me in composition. The love of music and of my instrument brought their due reward. I worked hard and made progress. After a residence of three years at Cologne, I went to Leipzig.

"There I had the advantage of lessons from an excellent flute-player, Herr Haake, a gentleman who, being somewhat fond of his ease, sent me continually to deputize for him at the Opera House, from which undoubtedly I gained more knowledge than from his lessons, which were 'few and far between.' Moscheles, Richter, and Ferdinand David were at that time the principal professors at Leipzig. My stay there was, however, unfortunately cut short. I could only remain a year and a half, and, barely eighteen years of age, had to start a musician's life, with all its ups and downs, beginning from the very bottom. The many incidents and experiences of all kinds during the following two years of my life would take me far too long to tell now, so I will content myself with mentioning that during those eventful years I travelled, fulfilling engagements (where I could get them) here, there, and everywhere, over the greater

part of Holland and Germany, landing ultimately in London in the year 1856, possessed of the magnificent sum of one shilling and sixpence in Dutch currency.

"Many an interesting story could I tell of my first experiences in London, of my interview with the well-known Monsieur Jullien, with whom I finally closed an engagement. With him I travelled through the provinces, but the details of this, to me, eventful tour I must also pass over for the present.

"It was in the following year, 1857, that I first made the acquaintance of Mr. (now Sir) Charles Hallé, who engaged me as first and solo flute for the orchestra of the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. I may mention here (as interesting to flute players) that at this time I changed my flute, the old fingering for the new one (Boehm system). I had only three weeks' time to accomplish this most tedious and difficult task, but I succeeded, and played a solo on my new flute on the second day of my engagement at Manchester. After the conclusion of the exhibition, I became a prominent member of Mr. Hallé's orchestra, and continued to be so for thirteen years."



(From a photograph by Williams Brothers, Rhyl.)

While still a member of Hallé's orchestra, Mr. De Jong had so thoroughly established himself as a popular favourite, as to prepare the way for a series of concerts in Manchester, with which his name was for about twenty years associated. The chief item at these concerts was an excellent orchestra of sixty performers, and nearly all the well-known works of British and foreign composers were in due course submitted to his patrons. Subsequently Mr. De Jong gave up his concerts and commenced business (with Mr. F. W. Blacow) as a musical instrument dealer in Victoria Street, Manchester. Of course, everyone knows that Mr. De Jong was immediately selected as musical director for the famous Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, and how visitors to the exhibition would never miss a chance of hearing the really clever performers Mr. De Jong had under his leadership. He has also been bandmaster at Blackpool for several seasons, and last year had the musical arrangements of Rhyl under his control.

Not only is Mr. De Jong one of the most eminent flautists living, but he is also a composer of undoubted ability. He has composed

some really excellent solos for his instrument. As a song-writer he has likewise achieved considerable success—one of his best efforts being "The Sailor's Knot," written for Madame Valleria. He has just completed a part-song, which he informed our interviewer he intended publishing very shortly.

Mr. De Jong is one of the few foreign musicians whom residence in this country has almost transformed into Englishmen. He enters eagerly into English pursuits, and sympathizes with English tastes. Some few years ago he removed his family to "Breezy Blackpool," from which place he daily travels to Manchester to business.

## A Great Church Music Reformer.

**I**N centenaries, as in other things, the world likes to take time by the forelock, and already we are hearing about preparations for the celebration of the third centenary of that great reformer of church music, Giovanni Pierluigi—better known as Palestrina, from the name of his birthplace, a little town about four hours' journey from Rome. Under the auspices of the Bishop and the Mayor a subscription has been organised, and preparations are being made for a suitable celebration of the event in the native city of the composer. It is hoped that funds will suffice to erect a monument, and also to finish the decoration of the apse of the cathedral in which he was baptized, and where he began his musical career. Performances of his works are also to be given in Palestrina and Rome in the course of the year; and on the whole it is certain that, for some time to come, we shall hear a great deal about this, the greatest of all our early musical geniuses—one whom we should think might very fittingly be described as the Homer of musical literature.

And it is well that this occasion is being made the pretext for a revival of Palestrina's compositions. As Dr. Turpin pointed out some years ago, the "founder and saviour of modern music" is one of a little band of great men whose influence in the world is strangely in excess of anything like a just and familiar appreciation. Dante, even Shakespeare and Milton, Purcell, Bach until recently, and Goethe, may perhaps be named as of the category of powerful men of genius of immense influence whose works, like those of Palestrina, are comparatively little read or heard, notwithstanding their great fame. In the case of Palestrina's music—which Pope Pius IV. declared made him think he was "listening to the angels of the New Jerusalem," and which all musicians, including even Wagner himself, have so highly esteemed—there are perhaps causes for this seeming neglect, both as regards the nature of the music and the effective conditions of its performance. It may seem like a paradox, but we should say that the great Roman master is too devotional, too religious in spirit for our present-day tastes in church music. Not that we have altogether discarded the serious side of the art in our ecclesiastical compositions; but there is an evident desire to "strike the mind by efforts of emotional and dramatic expression, by striking harmonies, and varied tone-colour effects," that was quite absent from the "earthly emblems of divine harmony" which resulted from Palestrina's reverential



treatment of the sacred text. Nor can we hear the music of Palestrina as he intended it to be heard: modern habits, as has often been remarked, are simply fatal to it. For the revelation of its full beauty you must have a limited body of pure, sympathetic, and perfectly trained voices capable of sustaining the long contrapuntal figures with an evenness of tone, a sedate, pleasing, and a studied expression of light and shade which are all but impossible of realization by our "feverish, uneasy, out-of-breath" choirs of mixed voices, or of mixed men and boys. As Dr. Turpin says, the nervous, positive enunciation of accented beats and the feverish energy of attack of a modern choir singing with what is known as precision, and which is usually characterised by violently severed rhythmical divisions, are alone sufficiently incompatible with the spirit of this lovely music to all but destroy its magical effects. There is the question of surroundings to be considered, too. When the famous "Missa Papæ Marcelli" of the master was performed by the Bach Choir in St. James's Hall some years ago, it was generally felt to be out of place. Such a noble work, in fact, needs the echoes of the cathedral aisle and the general atmosphere of the place of worship to give it proper effect, and the same may be said, though perhaps in a less degree, of nearly every composition that Palestrina wrote.

But let us recall some fact in the life history of this great master of music, so that he may have once more, if only for a short time, a place on the borders of the living land. There is no conclusive evidence as to the exact date of Palestrina's birth. It has been fixed between such widely separated years as 1514 and 1529; and as the public registers of Palestrina—which would probably have placed the matter beyond doubt—were destroyed by the soldiery of Alva in 1557, there is really no means of deciding as to the correct year. Pitoni says that he was the son of peasant people, and that he first attracted notice when a boy by the pure tone of his voice, which, creating a favourable impression on the chapel-master of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, led to better things. There is some doubt about the authenticity of this story, especially as Pitoni speaks of the lad as having been heard singing in the streets; but, at any rate, it is certain that the chapel-master who is thus reported to have caught him, as it were, wild, did very little for him, as we know that soon after his arrival in Rome he was studying at the music school of Claud Goudimel, another enthusiastic reformer of church music, whose zeal led to his being numbered among the victims of the St. Bartholomew massacre of 1572. Goudimel became a Protestant Huguenot, and was one of the first composers to set a metrical version of the Psalms to music; so that this connection of master and pupil—Palestrina the first great representative of Roman Catholic church music, and Goudimel one of the earliest representatives of Protestant music—is not unworthy of special note.

For several years after his first coming to Rome we hear very little of Palestrina, but he seems to have made rapid progress with his studies, for in 1551 he was appointed chapel-master in the Capella Giulia of the Vatican, and soon after this published his first volume of compositions. The book consisted of four Masses for four voices, and one for five, and was dedicated to the Pope of the day—the first volume of music, by the way, that had ever been dedicated by an Italian to an occupant of the chair of St. Peter. In the second edition of the work there is a portrait of the composer, in which he is figured as presenting his work to the Pope—an engraving which Dr. Parry has reproduced

in his "Studies of Great Composers." In return for the honour thus bestowed upon him, Pope Julius made the composer one of the singers in his private chapel; but this turned out to be rather an unfortunate appointment. Palestrina was by this time a married man with four children, and as such, not to speak of his being merely a layman, he ought to have been excluded from service in the Pontifical Chapel. Popes, however, like parsons, are a law unto themselves, and although Palestrina knew perfectly well that he would be violating the constitution of the chapel by accepting the post offered to him, he signified his acceptance, and resigned his former appointment at the Vatican. Things went on smoothly until Julius died, when Paul IV.—succeeding Marcellus, who filled the Pontifical chair for only twenty-three days—began at once to reform in every direction, and Palestrina, for being a layman and a benedict, was turned adrift with several other singers whose qualifications would not bear scrutiny. He seems to have taken this matter greatly to heart, as, indeed, a man with a wife and family and nothing to support them might well do. We read that he straightway took to his bed, and for some weeks lay prostrate with an attack of nervous fever. But his despair was really premature. He had already made a name for himself as a composer, and within two months he was invited to the post of chapel-master at the Lateran, where he remained for six years, when he was transferred to a similar post at the Santa Maria Maggiore. At the last named basilica he remained for ten years, when he was once more elected to his old office of maestro at the Vatican.

It was now that Palestrina's reforming zeal began to show itself most strongly. The abuses which had gradually crept into the services of the Church were of a nature almost inconceivably absurd. Music and words seemed to have no connection whatever, either in character or expression. The composer tried only to show his own cleverness, no matter how barren and unmelodious his music might sound. Dr. Parry puts it very well when he says that one of his favourite methods of making a piece of music was to take some old bit of plain-song and give it to the tenor voices to sing, and then to add other parts for the other voices to sing with it. If he wanted a long movement he put the tune into very long notes, and made the music last just as long as the tune lasted in this form, the other voices singing the words over and over again to different kinds of melodies—counterpoints, as they were called—and ending when the tune ended. Occasionally he would vary the process in different ways—as, for instance, by writing the principal tune for the voices to sing backwards; and although this seems rather absurd to us, still, as the effect depended more on the way in which the "parts" were managed than on the style of the tune, the composer was often able to ensure very good general results. Another great abuse was the frequent selection of secular tunes as a groundwork for treatment; so that it was no uncommon thing to have the choir singing the sacred text and the congregation shouting lustily at the original secular words! The matter, as everybody knows, came up for discussion at the famous Council of Trent; and the proposal to make a clean sweep of all the more elaborate music and return to the crude simplicity of the early plain-song, was negatived only by the other proposal to give Palestrina a trial as a last resource.

It was a great honour thus bestowed upon him by the dignitaries of his Church, and the composer set to work at once in the direction of reform. He was asked to compose one Mass as a specimen of what the music of the sacred office

should be, but he resolved not to rely upon a single experiment, and wrote a series of three Masses. At first the verdict was challenged by a private performance, and as this verdict, especially in the case of the last of the trio, the famous "Missa Papæ Marcelli," was final and enthusiastic, the Pope ordered a special performance in the Apostolic Chapel, which served to emphasize still further the fact that here indeed was determined the future style and destiny of sacred art. The fruit of the whole experiment was that artistic church music was held to be saved by the genius of Palestrina, and the cardinals were spared the once evident necessity of framing rules which would probably have proved altogether ruinous to the art.

The "Missa Papæ Marcelli" which thus turned the current in favour of a better style remains to this day the noblest work of its composer. In depth of thought, intensity of expression, and all the higher qualities which distinguish the work of the master from that of the pedant, it is universally admitted to be unapproachable; while, as Mr. Rockstro says, even when regarded as a monument of mere mechanical skill it stands absolutely unrivalled. "Avoiding all show of empty pedantry, and carefully concealing the consummate art with which the involutions of its periods are conducted, it freely uses all the old contrivances of fugue, and, in the second 'Agnus Dei,' of closely interwoven canon"; but this always as a means towards the attainment of a certain end, never in place of the end itself. And this entire subjugation of artistic power to the demands of expression is perhaps its most prominent characteristic. It pervades it throughout from the first note to the last. Palestrina wrote many more Masses, all of undoubted excellence, but nothing like this comparatively early work ever came from his pen. What he effected here remained the model of church music for several generations—showing composers of all creeds how they might produce the most thrilling and incomparable effects without the use of complicated part-writing.

The composer's financial position does not seem to have been much improved by the sudden rise to fame that followed as a result of his great Mass. The salaries paid to church officials in those days were miserably small, and Palestrina never seems to have derived any profit from the sale of his works. During the whole course of his career he had only seven private pupils, and three of these were his own sons. Several times was he stricken by domestic affliction. His three sons all died one after the other just as they were beginning to show unmistakable evidences of their father's powers; in 1580 his faithful and loving wife was taken from him, and he was left with one son, who was no better than a scapegrace. Still the fire of genius burned as brightly as ever, and the years onwards to 1594, when he was called to join the "choir invisible," were full of faithful work of the very noblest character. His had been a strangely, almost a saintly, quiet and uneventful life, devoted entirely to the best interests of his art. It does one good to look away back to him in this nineteenth century, with its melancholy liver complaint, its feverish unrest and strivings after the *bizarre*—to look upon him, as we look upon Shakespeare, standing high and serene above the fret of professional life, living only for his art and giving of his best, as he said on his death-bed, "to the glory of the Most High God, and the worship of His holy temple." The biographers have very little of personal detail to give us regarding him, but his music, which is nearly all sacred, is enough to show that he was devout in the highest sense.



It is not possible to over-estimate the marvellous effect upon the mind of the study and hearing of such music as Palestrina has left to us. In order, however, to appreciate its beauty it is especially necessary that we should know beforehand for what beauty to look, and be possessed with the spirit in which the master worked, for there is no modern standard by which to judge him. In his sphere he stands alone, and so far removed from the spirit of our times that it may be of service to some who are not familiar with his works to suggest what is to be found in them. The words of an American critic come in very aptly: "We find in Palestrina," he says, "the profoundest knowledge of musical science employed in expressing with purity and simplicity the fervent emotions of a devout soul. This expression is usually in the form of melodies of the subtlest emotional character, crossing and recrossing, wearing a texture of harmonies as rich as they are surprising and beautiful; a style of imposing grandeur; a perfect adaptation of music to the spirit of the words; an earnest, chaste, and exalted religious feeling, as far removed from gloom and cant as from sentimentality; a repose as if he were resting on the Rock of Ages." Grand, refining, and divine, he does not lavishly expose all his wealth to the careless eye; but to the mind that can appreciate and to the heart that can feel the force of the beauty of truth, he speaks with such persuasive eloquence that even those who "come to scoff remain to pray." His music is musical truth, satisfying the best aspirations of all ages; a Mecca to which should assuredly come the faithful worshippers of the good, the beautiful, and the true. Let us hope that the coming centenary may be the means of reviving some of the best of these matchless compositions of the old-time master, to whom Protestant church music is indirectly as much indebted as to Bach himself.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

### Suggestion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MAGAZINE OF MUSIC."

SIR,—I have lately called the attention of my colleagues to your excellent publication, and we are agreed that for useful selections of music and able literary contents it is far in advance of anything in the market. May I suggest that you would increase its usefulness to school-teachers by giving every month a song in two or more parts suitable for school-singing?—Yours truly,

W. CORSIE.

February 21.  
Eltringham Street Board School,  
Wandsworth, S.W.

### A New Departure.

NOW that we have increased our music-supplement to sixteen pages, we have room for fresh and attractive features. These have been considered with care. We have determined to retain the piece for our younger readers, and to add to its usefulness by giving an appropriate technical study besides the usual directions for practising. We will also give one or more songs, or a pianoforte or violin piece, as hitherto. Commencing in April, we will publish every month a song suitable for school singing, and this we trust will be found useful by our many scholastic readers.

This month we have one new feature: a ballad suitable for singing at an ordinary miscellaneous concert. Many of our old and later typical English songs are in their way good and

effective. They would be out of place in a Richter programme, as one of Thackeray's or Rudyard Kipling's ballads would be out of place in a selection from our "best" poets. We don't think less of Thackeray and Kipling on that account; we know they are smaller men, and enjoy them. Similarly, the songs of Bishop, and others of the same type, are not great, but they are by many found to be enjoyable. And because they are enjoyable they are often sung—and, we regret to say, often sung inartistically. We propose to remedy that to an extent by giving expression marks and directions for breathing, and, when necessary, other hints. The latter will be found beside "How to Practise."

### Bach's "Matthew Passion" at St. Paul's.

A WRITER once referred in our columns to the "Matthew Passion as murdered annually at St. Paul's." Perhaps the thing was put a little strongly. The fact is, however, that whoever attends the annual performance once or twice, will be disposed to condemn it in the strongest terms. We go so far as to say that it is not Bach we listen to at all. To begin with, the work is mutilated in a wholesale way, by omission of fine numbers (which may be necessary, and in a degree excusable), and by cutting short some of the solos at the end of the second section (which never can be necessary, and is totally inexcusable; imagine leaving off the "Hallelujah" chorus after the words "The kingdom of this world"!); Secondly, a brutal disregard for Bach's feeling is shown by the extraordinary *tempi* adopted, by two (or more) boys singing the solos, instead of one woman, and by a distortion of the musical sense of many passages, owing to the unwarranted substitution of fragments of theology in place of the original words. Finally, the whole rendering is characterized by a general slovenliness.

It is not our intention to lay the whole blame for these defects upon Dr. Martin's broad shoulders. We at once concede that it may not be possible to have women's voices for the solos, that the cathedral authorities may insist on the theological fragments apparently chosen at random from the Lord's Prayer, the Athanasian Creed, and the Collects. The slovenliness had commenced in Sir John Stainer's time, and may have gone too far to be held in check by Dr. Martin's exertions. But we have faith in Dr. Martin. We believe that he is strong enough to "throw" any number of clerical pedants, to re-enthuse chorus, band, and singers. And it is in this belief, and with the hope that he will do it, that we make the following suggestions.

The first chorus, perhaps the saddest, most passionate piece of music extant, should be taken in moderate time; the tremendous march up of the basses in bar six of the introduction, and again on its repetition with the voices, should be *crescendo molto*, with a *sforzando* in the upper C, followed by a gradually subsidence of the feeling. The chorale melody should be sung by trebles only (but plenty of them), whilst the rest of the voices and orchestra should be subdued to let it stand out clearly.

Every attempt should be made to deter the congregation from joining in the chorales. Surely it is time the monstrous fiction, that "Bach intended these to be sung in unison by the congregation to the harmony of the choir," was dead. We ask Dr. Martin, What congregation of mixed voices can reach the upper notes in the chorales, Nos. 3, 49, 55, what congregation can sing the passages of quavers

and semi-quavers which frequently occur? One can only marvel that people possessing any knowledge, taste or feeling, should imagine that these lovely, delicate fragments were intended to be sung otherwise than by the most highly-cultivated voices available.

With regard to the soprano and contralto airs, there is only one thing to be said: they should be sung by women or not at all. After a couple of boys have raced through them, is it surprising that many excellent people believe that "Bach's music is mostly voice-exercises"? The question of *tempi* should be considered also. The *allegretto* of to-day was (probably) Bach's *presto*, and Dr. Martin insists upon taking such expressive numbers as "Grief for sin," "Jesus, Saviour," "With Jesus will I watch," at our *allegro* pace. The saving merit of Bach's music is its enormous expressiveness; without its expressiveness it is nothing, for it has nothing of Rossini or Auber prettiness about it; and Dr. Martin's *tempi* rob it of all expressiveness.

What we have said about these choruses and these airs applies equally to the others. About the singing of the recitations there is little to be said. Those for the tenor voice lie nearly always in the top register, and cannot with our high pitch be sung without alteration. Those for the bass are rather more practicable, and it only needs that the St. Paul's men should forget they are choir-men and remember they are artists to secure fine renderings. Those for soprano and contralto should be sung by women or cut altogether.

There only remains now the questions of artistic slovenliness and "the words." Surely it is needless to do more than make an appeal to Dr. Martin for something better. Let him "weed" his chorus and band, include some fresh blood, and re-arouse enthusiasm, and he will secure a perfect technical performance.

We know full well how impervious is the clerical mind to all artistic considerations. But we venture to suggest that the Cathedral authorities, if they make an artistic failure an inevitability, are defeating their own ends. Let us take the last chorus. The words, as set to Bach, are "Rest, gently rest," and if ever music expressed anything the phrase set to these words expresses a longing for repose. Sir George Macfarren said many foolish things about Bach's music; but at least he said one perfect thing when he called this number a "lullaby." And this lovely piece of music is set to a paraphrase of the words: "And the third day He rose again," a paraphrase, too, of intolerable literary quality!

Whereas the music is expressive of an eternal farewell, the words are of a triumphant character. The result is a jumble. The music impels Mr. Martin to "go slowly" and softly, the words to rush on fortissimo. The impression on the hearer's mind is a jumble, too. We express the hope that Dr. Martin will go back to a fairly exact translation of "Ruhet saute, saute ruh't" in place of the present theological abomination.

We venture to make another suggestion. At present "no newspapers" are allowed to while away the time before the performance commences. That is to say, one or two sanctimonious gentlemen, in the intervals of gossiping loudly and cracking jokes to the accompaniment of their own suppressed laughter, snatch up any paper you may be reading, or rudely seize and examine any book. We suggest that these beings should be suppressed. Again, during the last three numbers the music cannot be heard at the west end of the cathedral owing to the loudness of the preparations made by a quantity of policemen for ejecting the audience when the end arrives. We suggest that no movement should be made until the last chord has sounded, and that then Mr. Hodge should play something more in keeping with the general tone of the performance than a fugue—Bach or other—*fortissimo sempre*, that is to say, just as a fugue should never be played.



## A Landscape- Painter in Music.\*

PAINTERS are spreading their hues, and entitling the results, dubious and other, "nocturnes" and "symphonies," and it is only fair that musicians are allowed to name their pieces "On the Waters," "On the Hillside," "By the Stream," as is greatly their practice at present. But it is curious how few serious composers do this. Indeed, there is only one, and his name is MacCunn. In his overtures, "The Land o' th' Mountain," "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," his ballad "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and in his cantata "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Queen Hynde," he has given us a number of delightful pictures, mostly of his beloved Scotch scenery.

But it must not be thought that Mr. MacCunn's method is the method of the "Battle of Prague," dear to our grandmothers. He looks upon his scenery and strives to convey to his hearers the feeling aroused in him. For instance, the feeling one experiences when listening to the opening of the "working out" section of the "Land o' th' Mountain" overture may be got at first hand any spring morning you have time for a run to Scotland. Sit down amongst the heather, watch the dimpled surface of that loch, and thoroughly enjoy the sunshiny haze, and you will be prepared to appreciate that thin web of tone with fragments of melody floating, as it seems, from far-away lands. Thus it is Mr. MacCunn paints. Tone and rhythm are to him colour and line.

We regard these songs now before us as the sketches of a landscape-painter. All are interesting, all will repay a very careful study, and we consider the general level to be higher than has been previously attained by the young Scotch composer.

The first series, those to words by Lady Lindsay, are slighter in structure and less serious in purpose than the other set. But at once we get the composer's most noteworthy characteristic. The song "Wishes" is a delicious "impression" of "the meadows" (Scotch meadows, of course) "where the yellow cowslips blow." The most individual is "Dreamland." It is purely "MacCunn." No other composer, living or dead, greater or less, could have written it. And every singer and every hearer will be charmed with the sweet phrases in which Mr. MacCunn sketches the mysterious dream-land which "lies over the sea." "Hesper" is a delightful and effective concluding number.

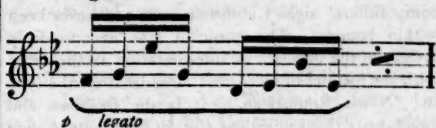
We own to two favourites in the settings of Bridges' poems. "My Bed and Pillow are Cold" and "Angel Spirits of Sleep" seem to us two of the loveliest songs in existence. The first opens with a most daring progression. In arpeggio triplets we have the tonic chord of C minor alternating with the dominant seventh on F. It is justified by the effect got. The melody throughout is most expressive, and some of the phrases are powerfully passionate. Let us quote the first verse of

"Angel spirits of sleep,  
White-robed with silver hair,  
In your meadows fair  
Where the willows weep,  
And the sad moon-beam  
On the gliding stream  
Waits her scattered dream."

The accompaniment of the wondrous melody

\* Six songs to words by Lady Lindsay, Hamish MacCunn.—Augener. Six songs to poems by Robert Bridges, Hamish MacCunn.—Robert Cocks.

Mr. MacCunn has put to this is made up of a curious figure:



This ripples continuously from beginning to end, and plays an important part in bringing vividly to the listener's imagination a scene of almost supernatural beauty.

Of the other numbers, "Fire of Heaven" will be found effective by sopranos or tenors, "The Idle Life" by basses, and "Crown Winter with Green"—verses that might have been written by Shakespeare, set to jolly music that might have come from Handel in his heartiest mood—by sopranos and tenors, but chiefly the latter. We repeat that these two sets of songs are amongst the best things the young Scotch composer has given us, and raise our expectations about the opera on which he is now busy.

## Literature of Music.\*

### Shall there be Music in Churches?

OF course my first intention was to pull this little book to pieces. For Mr. Shuttleworth and myself are "natural enemies," as the English and French used to be, he being a parson and I (alas!) an organist. Besides, my reverend enemy is my personal friend, and there is no delight comparable to that of demolishing a friend when he rushes into print. Ultimately, better thoughts prevailed. And, anyhow, when I read the book (for, contrary to the general practice of reviewers, I have read it), I found I agreed with most of it. So I determined to hail it as a sign that the parson is coming to his senses.

For Professor Shuttleworth writes as a parson, and as a parson admits the necessity of music in our churches. And he does not, with the Vicar of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, and other inane clergymen, regard it as a necessary evil, an invention of the devil. On the contrary, he pleads for more music, though on grounds which seem to me somewhat inadequate. "All great art is praise," he says, and I flatly deny it. Great art is no more praise than praise is great art. Again, "all great art has been inspired by and has expressed religious feeling." Surely not! What of the statues and dramas of old Greece? What of the Iliad, of the Scandinavian sagas?

However, let that pass. We are all agreed that all great art is beautiful—else it would not be great art—and the main thing is that Mr. Shuttleworth advocates an increasing use of one form of art, music, in our churches. No organist will quarrel with him. On one further point I wish to express a difference of opinion. Mr. Shuttleworth declares that "English psalm-tunes are the noblest Church melodies in the world; English cathedral music is a development purely natural, of the highest artistic value and the deepest religious interest." Now, I ask Mr. Shuttleworth not to be too patriotic, but to admit that we have only half a dozen noble Church melodies, that English cathedral music, though undoubtedly a "development purely natural" and, perhaps, "of the deepest religious interest," is, with rare exceptions, of no artistic

\* "The Place of Music in Public Worship," by H. C. Shuttleworth, M.A. Elliot Stock, London.

value whatever. The art in the anthems of Weldon, Farrant, and Co., is of the poorest sort, the expressiveness of their melodies nil; and as to the later "resurrection-pie" anthems of Clarke Whitfield—there is nothing to be said about them.

Professor Shuttleworth begins his book proper by stating "two theories . . . the artistic theory and the congregational theory." If the parson, he says, is "a bit of a musician" he will rather lean to the former. "Or he goes to the other extreme, and drives out of church every human being with the cultivated musical ear by the horrors of his congregational singing." Mr. Shuttleworth believes "that the best solution of the difficulty will be found in separating elaborate music altogether from the offices of the church—though not from the Choral Eucharist—and finding place for it at an entirely distinct service. Anthems will not be wanted, either by choir or congregation, if oratorios, or selections from them, can be given occasionally upon Sunday afternoons," etc. At the ordinary services, then, "the congregation should be invited and encouraged to sing the psalms, canticles, and responses, with the hymns . . . and at the Eucharist, the kyries, responses, and the metrical hymns, of which last there should always be a liberal allowance when this service is chorally rendered. . . . The music must be carefully chosen and arranged, so as to lie well within the vocal compass and the musical capacity of ordinary people." But "we must teach our congregations to sing," and "it follows that a congregational practice is as indispensable as a choir practice." Mr. Shuttleworth also touches on the question whether the people should join in the chorales which occur in the great oratorios. He seems to think they should. But most of the chorales in Bach's oratorios are so harmonized as to produce rather terrible effects if men and women sing the melodies in "unison." Or, putting aside theoretical considerations, I suggest that the results of the practice (as at St. Paul's, St. Anne's, Soho—and St. Nicholas Cole-Abbey) are not at all encouraging, at least, to a musician who doesn't sing!

The next portion of the book is devoted to the choir. To Mr. Shuttleworth's remarks no exception can be taken. He declares that "the law of the Medes and Persians . . . must be regularity of attendance at rehearsals no less than at services." "It need scarcely be said that a member of a church choir should be, to say the least, a man of unblemished moral character." Yea; and the parson too, acquiesces the organist. And Mr. Shuttleworth, as becomes a good socialist and musician, is strongly in favour of women in choirs. "It may at least be admitted . . . that a good woman is at least as worthy to lead God's praises as a good boy." As worthy, certainly; but as useful, no! not half so useful, nor one-fourth so practicable as even a bad, a very bad boy. Still, Mr. Shuttleworth's experience counts for much, and his belief is that a "cock and hen choir" is far less trouble, than the ordinary sort.

It is, however, when he deals with instrumental music in churches that I, as an organist, am most thoroughly in accord with Mr. Shuttleworth. "The organist," he says, "is no longer an accompanist only; he is a soloist. The time has come when the organist of a church should be recognised as one of the most important members of the staff, the colleague and fellow-worker of the clergy. Perhaps the best course for a non-musical parish priest is to spare no pains in finding a really good organist, and . . . give him his head as freely as may be possible . . ." Mr. Shuttleworth also pleads for the restoration of the band to our churches, both to accompany and for independent use.

I pass over the remaining chapter, that on hymns. As appendices Mr. Shuttleworth gives lists of services, "simple," or "easy," or "rather more difficult," or "requiring trained or solo voices"—a useful mode of classification—and of hymns suited for choir or congregational use.

Taken all round, this book is the most notable ever written on the subject. It is, I am pleased to see, being widely read.

AN ORGANIST.

## How Pianists may be Different and yet Each be Great.

By FANNY MORRIS SMITH.

**M**USICIANS have long agreed that there is something amiss in the modern piano-concert. An undertow of dissent sets back from the popularity of our greatest artists. The instant loss of artistic prestige that follows an attempt to settle in America shows how much more public interest arises from novelty than from appreciation of musical genius. We have no pianists who possess a title of the hold upon public regard that is enjoyed by a very large number of favourite actors. This is partly because the stage has an immense advantage in the attitude of its patrons towards it. We go to the theatre to enjoy the acting; we go to a concert to decide how nearly a pianist, playing a familiar programme, is able to come up to our ideas. An actor is free to choose his own special line of art. Robson is not expected to play Hamlet, nor Salvini Solon Shingle; neither of them is obliged to be a scene-painter. The fine arts offer similar freedom; a man may select landscape or figure; may excel in colour or line; may be classic, realistic, or impressionist, as suits him best. But the pianist is supposed to be everything or nothing, although no art contains possibilities more various and incompatible than those inherent in music. In its tissue of pleasing sounds it affects the ear just as colour affects the eye, and accordingly possesses a school of art the musicians of which are as truly colourists as if they handled a brush. It is also a language, and as such numbers in its ranks not only writers, but orators, critics, and dramatic artists. Furthermore, being dependent on muscular agility, it offers a field for the phenomenal development of virtuosity. Among all these obligatory requirements an artist finds himself, like Issachar, an overloaded ass, stooping between his burdens; and his artistic purpose becomes hopelessly confused. This is more unfortunate from the fact that the normal attitude of the artist towards his art is not the same in men of different temperaments. Given a musical ear, any one of several powerful instincts may impel an artist to his art, and in the direction of this impulse will be his greatest strength. What a liberty of perfection, what an exorcism of commonplace, would follow if we were broad enough to recognise the point where the struggle for symmetrical artistic development should cease, and if we were sympathetic enough to urge each genius onward in its normal bent! The natural bent of an artist's instinct is his vein of ore in the great mine of art. He will dig to very little purpose at right angles to it.

That, indeed, would be a unique artist who so well understood his own genius that he was always consistent; and exceptional artists have many active instincts, which prompt as many developments. This paper seeks to define these instincts, and by no means to limit the powers of the artists cited. We will, for the purpose, consider a few common types of art in general, and piano-playing in particular.

Musicians separate instrumentalists into two broad classes—those who work by feeling, and those who work by conscious intellectual effort. The artistic productions of these two classes are easily recognised as different, not in degree, but in kind. The first are said to be "subjective," the second "objective." These metaphysical terms are extremely misleading. However, if we use them as a rough classification of clearly opposing types, we can make it plainer why musicians may be different, and yet each be great. Thus the critic and the virtuoso are certainly objective, whilst the rhapsodist, the colourist, the composer, and the idealist are subjective. Perhaps the impressionist occupies a middle ground.

### THE RHAPSODIST AND THE PLAYING CRITIC.

Let us consider the rhapsodist—the man who reproduces classic art forms with an enthusiasm that often carries him past interpretation into improvisa-

tion. The type is as old and familiar as art itself. "One may dare to break all bounds only in his own compositions," sighs Rubinstein, who can never keep within bounds. The musician who unconsciously creates in the very act of interpretation is the artist with the instinct of an orator. Daudet drew the type in "Numa Roumestan." It is the freshness and spontaneity that one enjoys most in the flights of such a genius. Critical interpretation is its negative pole. The enthusiasm of the artist and the audience create the result between them. So normal is the artistic manifestation that the comparatively unmusical public is able to understand and revel in it. If such an artist pauses in his flight to reason and analyze, his wings drop off.

A tendency to improvise was one of the most marked features of Liszt's genius. Hiller, who disliked him, said Liszt played best at sight, because if he went through a piece a second time he altered it to suit himself. The artists who play Liszt's own music as he played it do so by ear, for he seldom kept to the text he furnished the public. The inspiration of the occasion provoked many of the great Hungarian's finest utterances. But such artistic freedom is the rarest condition of a modern pianist. How many tender rhapsodists have we cut down to the standards of the excellent Cotta edition of classic works—although the interpretation of the genuine rhapsodist is always happiest in moments of greatest abandon! The initial impulse of an artist like Bülow, on the other hand, is frankly analytic. He clamours for truth and fidelity to subject-matter as loudly as Ruskin. He scorns to consider the result of his music upon the audience he despises. He enters literature as tractarian, not as composer. Even as pianist he avowedly neither creates nor composes his musical picture. He is a critic of musical literature who embodies his opinion in musical form. Bülow, the greatest, clearest-sighted critic of German music that we possess, presents exactly the traits which we are accustomed to seek in critics of *belles-lettres*.

Here we have the insight, the discrimination, the caustic wit, the cool dissection of the subject, and the fervent opinion thereon. We listen to Bülow on Beethoven as we study Colenso on the Pentateuch. Perhaps one clearly understands Beethoven's sonatas only after hearing Bülow play his "Commentary on Beethoven." Bülow's life-work has been of inestimable value to the student. Without him how dim would be our intelligence, how meagre our culture! But his bitter gibes have scorched the freshness and spontaneity out of his pupils. Thanks to him, all Germany has turned critic, and it is idle to ask of critics the abandon, the naïve instinct for beauty or impersonation that still exist in non-Teutonic peoples. For these things we begin to look to nations who are romantic rather than sentimental. But if we do not insist on tone-colour, or invention, or passion, we must demand that the critic have and express ideas upon his subject-matter, and that his music be reasonable, coherent, intelligent, and limpidly clear. Criticism is not interpretation, and still less impersonation; but a music without its playing critics would be a music without a literature.

### THE CONSTRUCTIVE ARTIST.

To the analysis of the critic let us oppose the constructive instinct of which Poe is the literary exponent. The artistic genius whose methods Poe discusses in the "Philosophy of Composition" numbers some of our most brilliant names in literature, music, painting, and acting. In exposing the processes by which he created "The Raven," "I prefer," said Poe, "to begin with an effect." Artists of this particular temperament may, then, be supposed to concern themselves with producing effects where others may seek to reproduce their ideas, opinions, or impressions. "The old masters," writes Hamerton, "troubled themselves very little about the nobility of their subject, but were generally careful to see that the material they painted would come as they wanted it, in form, colour, light, and shade." He avers that the true artist is always calculating the effect of his work upon his public, and gives an account of the successive steps in which a picture is composed and painted. Now, the material of rhetoric in musical composition, and of declamation and elocution in audible music, may be combined and worked up just as Meissonier

painted a picture. But if this, the normal instinct and method of the painter, is very strong in the musician, a pictorial quality appears in his work that is absent from the productions of other musical types. For many of the strongest musical instincts begin and end with the necessity for expression, and are careless of effect. These artists are unconscious of the details of their musical outpourings, and very often ignorant of the artistic laws which they fulfil. They share the instinct of song birds. Someone asked Paderewski to write down the cadenza of his own minuet as he actually plays it, and it came out that he did not know how he did it himself. If you criticise such a musician, he says, "But I felt so." This is not the standpoint of the constructive artist. There are musicians of whom you instinctively say that they "composed a tone-picture," or they "built a climax."

The finest representative of this school of pianists that we have heard on this side of the Atlantic is Eugen d'Albert. From first to last he is intent on crescendo, contrast, suspense, surprise, and climax. He plies his hearers with every variety of touch and technique, master of all. He subjects his musical matter to every mode of treatment. By turns picturesque, impetuous, caressing, awesome, and merry, he is unfailingly interesting. Mr. Richard Mansfield offers an example of the same instinct in dramatic art. He tells us that he concocted the entire play of "Beau Brummel" to bring out the scene where the Beau, poor and forgotten, talks to the phantoms of his old companions. He seized, not a passion, but a picturesque and pathetic situation. His transformation scene in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is worked out on the same principles of suspense and climax that D'Albert applies to a similar musical situation. We all remember the Bach fugue which furnished to D'Albert the text of his magnificent illustration of a grand climax, and the series of neatly contrasted technical studies into which he resolved the Bach suite in D minor. These were not the opinions of the playing critic. They were effects—the brilliant result of a constructive process in which artistic instinct and intellectual effort acted together. Such art possesses a development and flavour altogether different from that of any other type. Its existence is legitimate, and its artists as versatile as they are enthusiastic and sincere. But it is impossible to estimate them by the same criterions that we apply to Chopin, who found the twilight of a boudoir more congenial than the glare of the footlights, and, as a concert-player, failed with the public.

### THE COMPOSER THAT ALSO PLAYS.

Chopin was a literary man, the idol of his friends, and worked comparatively unseen by his public. Just as Dickens and Cable have read their books better than anybody else can read them, so no one has ever played the music of Chopin as he played it. To Chopin music was a form of speech, the easiest way of expressing his feelings. His originality was unconscious and unpremeditated. In him appear musicianly qualities unknown to any of the types of music we have considered, but not less precious or effectual. Too refined and sensitive to be comprehended by the general public, those objective particulars which that public could grasp—his touch of velvet, his flexible rhythm, his treatment of passages and embellishments—generated a new school of music.

### THE COLOURIST.

Just as painting numbers artists who are supremely great because of their love of colour, in and for itself, so music possesses players whose love of beautiful tone is their guiding impulse. Mr. Joseffy, another instance of an artist who works independently of his public, both in ideal and in elaboration, is an example of this type. He is not always calculating the effect of his work upon his hearers, for in spite of his great popularity it is almost impossible for him to persuade himself to undertake a concert. Yet each reappearance brings the surprise of a new artistic departure, which, however, sacrifices no familiar charm. As a young artist, the exquisite grace and delicate beauty of his playing revolutionized the popular conception of piano-music throughout America. His was a revelation of what beautiful tone meant; it placed



him among the great colourists just as emphatically as if he had rivalled Ziem's Venetian scenes.

Mr. Joseffy has offered us the pleasure (rare in our New World) of watching the lifelong development of an artist—a healthy growth in breadth and power, always harmonious with the sensitive feeling for beauty, especially beauty of tone, that is its generative impulse. It is curious that the same indifference to drawing that the genuine colourist exhibits in painting is paralleled by the disinclination for strongly marked phrasing and accent in his musical counterpart. De Pachmann is another instance in point. Art is a choice between opposing possibilities. It is obvious that the creations of a colourist will differ from those of a constructive artist from every standpoint of good criticism. The colourist will seldom sacrifice beauty of tone to effective accent. He will often prefer elegance to energy. His surprises will not be dramatic effects, but new discoveries of beauty. He charms where the composition and delivery of a constructive musician compel admiration. The history of the art of music proves that it sprang from more than one germ, and the question in hearing it should be, What is the player's instinct and aim? and then, Does he reach the aim? Is he true to the instinct?

#### THE IMPRESSIONIST.

Turner was a genuine impressionist. This is the school that "seizes the most striking feature of its object, and seeks to reproduce that feature in the most vivid possible way," the school which reproduces "not truths of fact, but truths of imagination."

We possess its entire parallel in music. Rubinstein is the prince of impressionists. He has gathered up in memory just such a treasury of natural sounds and motions as attracted Turner in colour and form, and he uses them with similar genius and technic. It is a crudity to ask Rubinstein to be clear. We do not need to have him clear—we need to have him moving.

#### THE VIRTUOSO.

The bravura player is a bird of another feather. Bravura is inseparable from virtuosity, by which musicians mean extraordinary technical skill, resource, and endurance. Bravura is the use of these abilities—first, to produce a grand artistic climax; second, on account of their value as gymnastic feats with which to delight the hearing and seeing audience.

The virtuoso is not to be reckoned with in matters of beauty, discrimination, or oratory. Not that he is necessarily indifferent to them, but his preparation is that of any other gymnast, and his standpoint the question of possibilities for flesh and blood. Bravura playing is often the first instinct of a genius that awakens later to higher aims. But it has its independent value. Without such men as Rosenthal, who in feats like the "Don Juan" fantasia are continually enlarging the limits of execution, piano-playing would come to a standstill. What Rosenthal does to-day, the world will do to-morrow. If we can brook no limit to our latent power, it is he and his rivals who make our impossible the world's actual. The art of painting possesses exactly the same phase of genius—men who bless difficulties for the chance of overcoming them. The gymnastic feats of the acrobat on one hand, and the technical successes of pictures like Whistler's "White Lady" on the other, fairly represent the lowest and highest achievements of the bravura player.

#### THE DRAMATIC IDEALIST.

There is still another group of artists whose standpoint differs utterly from all those heretofore considered. For want of a better name, I am inclined to call them the "dramatic idealists," because they develop their artistic product from an inner ideal of human nature.

On the stage Jefferson and Modjeska are examples of two great artists who work from this same standpoint. Jefferson's definition of an actor is "a player who, *solus*, with neither scenery nor stage properties, is able to run through the gamut of human emotion, and never fail to touch a responsive chord in the audience," and such are those artists who, conscious of the power of music as a language, not only make it the vehicle for the utterance of their personal feelings, but are able to express in music that progress and play of emotions which we call mood. We

see at a glance that here is something different in origin, aim, and use of material from any previous type.

The artistic material of such artists is less the dramatic situation than the character they impersonate. Jefferson is Rip Van Winkle; he does not play him. Paderewski has the same power. Their strongest appeal is to the imagination and feeling of their hearers. It is characteristic of the idealist that his appeal is at once noble and stimulating.

The exquisite ideal of womanly tenderness which Modjeska expresses when she, as Portia, abandoning all stage traditions, obeys the divine impulse of pity, steals toward Shylock, and gently touches his arm as she tells him "the quality of mercy is not strained," is a beautiful instance of dramatic idealism.

From the exercise of the same gift arose the touching scene in Carnegie Hall, when an audience, loath to leave their artist or to let him go, went away hushed and sorrowful from the presence of a man who had won them solely by the music of a piano.

The peculiarity and charm of this, perhaps the rarest, type of art, is that it sometimes seems to pass the borders of artistic production and to enter those of inspiration.

#### NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT.

The artist who is able thus to impersonate a character, and to express its feelings, does so in the mould of his own nature and nationality. There is no more essential property of music than its national flavour. We demand this flavour in literature, as in the fine arts. We resent the cumbrous Germanism of a Scotch Carlyle. Although we go to Scotland with Sir Walter Scott, we do not ask Hawthorne to become an Italian in Rome. We expect to see every school of painting embody its highest ideals in its national type of feature. Rubens, Da Vinci, Bonnat, and Munkacsy have respectively produced a Dutch, Italian, French, and Hungarian Christus. We would not dream of demanding a denationalized Christus. It would be weak. Ristori, Janauschek, and Modjeska have played the same character—Maria Stuart. The national temperament of each of these great artists was perfectly obvious in her conception.

And so must be the nationality of the pianist. The greatest artist is he who, like Liszt, uses his national instinct to the highest artistic purpose. Paderewski gives us a Polish Chopin. Some of us enjoy it because the Polish temperament, especially in its romantic quality, is strongly akin to the American. But next week comes De Pachmann, who offers Chopin the Frenchman. Let us who prefer Chopin the Pole remember that to a musician of Parisian instincts De Pachmann's Chopin is the speaking truth of nation and taste. If we do not find it true, may it not be because we are not in sympathy with French character? We hear a dozen Teutonic pianists play Beethoven with the utmost breadth of tone and grandeur of crescendo. Two others of different nationality and temperament follow. The one offers us a Beethoven of physical beauty and grace, the other of chivalrous feeling and action. Now and then appears a philosopher, a poet, a musician whose philosophy is broad enough, whose sympathies are strong enough, whose utterance is direct enough, to make him the mouthpiece of the world. Such were Shakespeare and Beethoven. Even Schiller in Maria Stuart created a world's type of suffering. Dare we affirm that a symmetrical and consistent art creation falls below our standard because it shows how a French, Italian, Russian, or Polish temperament deals with the chain of moods which forms the dramatic material of a sonata?

How inartistic would be a Macbeth played with the Scotch burr proper to the smaller art form of the Man o' Airlie! The larger the artistic creation, the less essential are its outside details, and the more easily it runs in the mould of any and every nation, and rises from the particular instance to the universal type.

#### ARTISTIC SCHOOL AND PERSONALITY.

If we take into account the artistic value of a musician's nationality, we must also recognise that of master and school. If Union Seminary or Princeton sets her mark on a theologian; if Paris, Munich, or Spain effectually qualifies a painter's method and

ideal, so Paris, Berlin, or Vienna alters the development of the growing pianist. A pupil of Liszt, Kullak, or Leschetizky cannot be mistaken. Moreover, the culture, the nature, the social habit of the artist, must be considered. These will not counteract his genius, but they will work conclusively upon his taste, his sense of propriety, and upon the moods of which he is able to form a conception. They will largely go to make the personal quality which is the crowning charm of all artistic work.—*The Century*.

## Edinburgh Degrees in Music.

THE Universities Commission propose to ordain with reference to the University of Edinburgh as follows:

I. Two degrees in music may be conferred by the University of Edinburgh, viz., Bachelor of Music (Mus. Bac.) and Doctor of Music (Mus. Doc.) II.

1. Every candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Music must pass a preliminary examination in the following subjects:—(1) English, including geography and British history; (2) elementary mathematics; (3) any two of the following languages, viz., Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian, provided that one at least of the two shall be a modern language.

2. The extent and standard of the preliminary examination shall be determined by the Senatus Academicus.

3. A degree in arts, not being a degree "honoris causa tantum," in any of the Universities of the United Kingdom, or in any colonial or foreign University, specially recognised for the purpose by the University Court after consultation with the Senatus, shall exempt from the preliminary examination; and the Senatus shall have power to determine what examinations, other than those for the degree hereinbefore mentioned, shall be accepted either in whole or in part in place of the preliminary examination.

III. Candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Music must attend, within the University of Edinburgh, a course or courses of instruction extending in all to not less than 40 lectures, and including a course on the history of music. IV. There shall be a first professional examination in music in the following subjects:—(1) Singing, or performing upon some musical instrument; (2) reading at sight; (3) elements of music, including musical modes and scales, notation, measure and "tempo"; (4) harmony in not more than four parts; (5) elementary counterpoint; (6) form: sonata, rondo, fugue, and minor structures; (7) outlines of the history of music. The ear test shall be applied to every candidate. V. There shall be a second professional examination in music and in literature in the following subjects:—(1) One of the following languages not already taken in the preliminary examination—French, German, Italian; (2) rhetoric and English literature (including composition and versification); (3) harmony in not more than five parts; (4) advanced counterpoint; (5) canon in two parts, and imitation and fugue in not more than four parts; (6) form (description of structure and character of musical forms, and analysis of musical works); (7) elements of instrumentation (compass of the orchestral instruments, and of the organ and pianoforte); (8) critical knowledge of certain prescribed scores; (9) playing at sight from easy vocal and instrumental scores, and from figured bass; (10) the history of music; (11) physiology of the vocal organs and acoustics in so far as connected with the theory of music. In addition each candidate shall be required to submit the following exercises composed by himself:—(a) A solo song with pianoforte accompaniment; (b) A four part vocal composition; (c) An instrumental piece (not a dance) for the pianoforte or organ, or for the violin or any stringed or wind instrument with pianoforte or organ accompaniment. The extent and standard of the examination in these subjects shall be fixed from time to time by the Senatus Academicus, and the examination shall be partly written and partly oral and practical. VI.

The examiners for both examinations shall be (1) the



Professor of Music: (2) an examiner in music appointed by the University Court: (3) examiners in the literary subjects numbered (1) and (2) of Section V. hereof, appointed by the University Court.

#### Degree of Doctor of Music.

VII. Bachelors of Music of the University of Edinburgh of not less than three years' standing, and not less than twenty-four years of age, may offer themselves for the degree of Doctor of Music, under the following regulations:—The degree shall be given in three departments, and candidates may present themselves in one or more departments. The departments shall be—(1) Composers; (2) executants; (3) theorists or historians. VIII. (1) Candidates for the degree of Doctor of Music as composers shall submit a prescribed number of vocal and instrumental compositions in the larger forms (such as oratorio, opera, cantata, symphony, sonata, overture). Each work shall be accompanied by a declaration signed by the candidate that it has been composed by himself. (2) Candidates shall also be examined in the following subjects:—(a) The more recondite contrapuntal forms—fugal writing in more than four-parts, etc. (b) Instrumentation, including certain prescribed books on the subject. (c) The works of the great composers from Palestrina onwards. IX. (1) Candidates for the degree of Doctor of Music as executants shall be required to show their special skill in the execution of solo and ensemble works in different styles. The works shall be selected partly by the candidates and partly by the examiners. (2) The candidates shall be examined in sight-reading, and shall give evidence of their power of playing orchestral scores, and shall be required to invent transitions and modulate from one key and piece to another, and shall further be required to pass an examination on the history and literature of their special instrument, and on the method of teaching that instrument. X. (1) Candidates for the degree of Doctor of Music as theorists or historians shall present one or more treatises on theoretical or historical subjects, which shall be the result of original thought and research, not mere abstracts or compilations of existing works. They shall be accompanied by a declaration signed by the candidate that they have been composed by himself. (2) Candidates shall also be required to pass an examination (a) in the theory and (b) in the history of music. The examination shall be on a higher standard in the subject which the candidate selects as his speciality. XI. The examiners for the degree of Doctor of Music shall be the same as for the degree of Bachelor of Music. XII. It shall be competent to the University Court of the University of Edinburgh to modify from time to time the provisions as to curriculum hereinbefore contained, in case such modification shall be rendered desirable. XIII. The Senatus shall have power to confer the degree of Doctor of Music "honoris causa." XIV. This Ordinance shall come into force at the beginning of the first academical year after the date on which it is approved by Her Majesty in Council.

## The Harmonious Blacksmith.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF HANDEL.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE attack on Lord Somerton, his daughter, and friends, caused a profound sensation among the adherents to the new dynasty. But this was speedily forgotten in the more exciting events of the latter part of the year 1715 and the early part of the following year. The smouldering embers of disaffection to the King and the Whig Government broke out into a flame. The rebellion in Scotland had commenced, and at first seemed destined to succeed. But misfortune upon misfortune fell upon the unfortunate Chevalier and his friends. The insurgent leaders fell into the King's power and paid the penalty of their disloyalty with their lives or imprisonment. The Londoners were regaled with the ghastly spectacle of

noble and misguided men being beheaded, or, worse still, hanged, drawn, and quartered. The fate of Derwentwater and Kenmuir, the escape of Nithsdale, Macintosh, and others, have formed the subject of many a tale and drama.

It can easily be imagined that this was not a favourable time for the advancement of art. Men's minds were too excited to think upon Italian operas. We do not find, therefore, many records of Handel's invention at this period. His intimacy with Falkner and Mary had entirely ceased, for he felt he had no longer any right to consider himself in the light of a guardian to the blacksmith's daughter—and between Handel and Falkner no great liking ever existed. The rebellion having been entirely quelled, King George left England for his German dominions in July, 1716. Handel accompanied the King, and remained in Hanover till the year 1718. Upon his return to England he found abundant scope for his prodigious genius. An effort was made to place Italian Opera on a permanent footing. For this purpose a number of the nobility formed themselves into a committee; large sums of money were subscribed, the King giving £1,000, and Handel was applied to to assist the committee and to form a company. The composer threw himself into the scheme with all the energy of his character. A company of Italian artists was got together in a short space of time. It may be interesting to the reader to state that Signor Senisino, the most celebrated singer of the day, had two thousand guineas allowed him for singing one season.

Some years of the great musician's life passed in incessant work. Opera after opera was composed. Rival composers, like Buononcini and others, were completely placed in the shade. Occasionally Handel would come across Mr. Croche, and make inquiries respecting Mary. The answers were unsatisfactory. Croche, having introduced Falkner to Mary, seemed unwilling to admit that the marriage was not a happy one. He was obliged to confess enough to give Handel a clear idea that Falkner was one of those despicable characters who force their wives to work and earn money, which they spend in idleness and dissipation. He also learned that Mary had two children—boys.

One afternoon the Water Music and other works of Handel was advertised to be played at Spring Gardens (afterwards known as Vauxhall Gardens) and also that Mistress Powell—for as a singer she still kept her maiden name—was to sing there. A large party, including Sir Harry and Lady Mansfield, Handel and Mr. Rentfree, who was again in London, met at this favourite place of amusement. It being magnificent weather, the gardens were crowded, and many friends and acquaintances were exchanging courtesies. Many a beau envied Sir Harry the possession of so charming a wife as Lady Belinda, and still more envious were the belles at her having secured so handsome a husband.

In an age when morals were corrupt, and ideas of the sacredness of the marriage state rather loose, it was a charming as well as an ennobling sight to see the pure and tender affection between them. Lady Belinda still had a smile and a merry word for those of her old admirers who occasionally crossed her path, but her husband saw with pride and pleasure that not one of them attempted the slightest familiarity, such was the dignity with which the lady bore herself as a married woman.

After some instrumental pieces had been performed Mary came forward to sing. Handel watched her with intense interest. He could see that she was paler and thinner than when he had seen her last. But the change was not so much in that, as an air of nervousness and unhappiness that seemed to cast a shade over her countenance. When she sang, although the old, sweet, touching expression remained, the rich, round quality of the voice was gone. Handel was profoundly moved. Although a man who seems from his life to have been almost insensible to the fascinations of the gentler sex, Handel felt for Mary as a fond father or brother would for a daughter or a sister. He left the company he was with, and walked into one of the less frequented alleys of the gardens. He suddenly came across Falkner, and although in his present frame of mind he would rather not have encountered him, he could do no less than speak to him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Falkner," said Handel, "to notice your wife is not well."

"Who says she is not well?" burst forth Falkner.

Handel, surprised at the surly, savage tone in which these words were uttered, looked more closely at the man, and more than ever regretted having met him, as he could see Falkner was under the influence of drink.

"My dear sir," replied Handel, anxious to avoid any altercation, "I merely thought her looking thin and her voice decidedly not so good as when I last heard her."

"Her voice is good enough for the people that come here to hear her," returned Falkner; "besides, I don't want the opinion of one of her former admirers."

"Former admirers!" exclaimed Handel, getting rather warm.

"Yes; lovers, if you like it better," said Falkner in a still more offensive manner. "Everybody knows you were after Mary, and that you hate me because I carried her off."

"Sir," said Handel, in a great rage, "you are a liar and a villain!"

"Ha, such words to me!" shouted Falkner, and, drawing his sword, he made a furious lunge at Handel's breast, but fortunately for the interest of music, the foil struck against a large plated button on Handel's coat and snapped in two. Handel instantly closed on Falkner, who, rendered unsteady by drink, fell backward on the path. Seizing the pieces of the foil, Handel threw them into the river, which flowed close to the spot where the encounter took place, and, casting a withering look of scorn at his prostrate antagonist, left the alley and sought his friends. When he reached the spot where he had left them, Handel was not sorry to find all had departed except Mr. Rentfree, who gave him to understand that Sir Harry and Lady Belinda and others of the aristocracy had left the gardens to go to Mrs. Cornely's card party. At the name of this lady Handel's brow contracted, for he felt that this personage—so frequently mentioned by the writers of the period—was likely to prove an enemy. Handel's sturdy independence of character, coupled with the lofty position he held among the composers of the time, made him less submissive and cringing to the upper classes than they liked, and there were already symptoms of a rebellion against the great master's authority.

"You do not seem to like the lady," said Mr. Rentfree.

"I fear she is no friend of mine," replied Handel; "but that is a matter that would not be very interesting to you, were I to explain it. Let us sit down near the orchestra and hear what they are about to perform, for I can see they are preparing for an instrumental piece."

Handel was anxious that Mary and Falkner should have time to leave the gardens before him, as he learnt there were no more vocal pieces, consequently Mary had finished her duties for the evening. They accordingly took a seat near the band and listened to the work which they were performing. At the conclusion Handel asked Mr. Rentfree what he thought of it. Mr. Rentfree replied he did not think much of it. "Nor I, either, Mr. Rentfree," said Handel; "I thought it very poor stuff when I composed it."

Mr. Rentfree was profuse in his apologies, declaring that he had no idea it was the composition of so great a musician, and accounting for his want of taste and judgment from his ignorance of the principles of music. Handel laughed very good-naturedly, and assured him that even the most gifted in the art seldom succeeded when the music was written to order. "And now, if you are quite ready, Mr. Rentfree, I can offer you a seat in my wherry, and can take you to Westminster." The young gentleman accepted the offer and they repaired to the river-side. It was a lovely evening in the latter part of May, the air was particularly balmy, and the atmosphere clear and bright. The Thames at that time being the principal highway from Spring Gardens and its rival Ranelagh, a large number of "jolly young watermen" exercised their calling, and sometimes rather roughly and noisily importuned the visitors to the gardens to employ them. Having with some difficulty found the waterman who had conveyed him to the gardens, Handel and his young friend entered the boat and



began their homeward journey. They had proceeded but a short distance when to Handel's annoyance he perceived a wherry containing Falkner and Mary not far from them. As the waterman who rowed Handel and his acquaintance was evidently a more powerful man, and probably the boat a better one than that in which Mary and her husband were, Handel was in hopes they would be able to pass before the others recognised him. But it was not to be. Just as they got abreast of the other boat he could see Falkner make a sudden start, then rise and shake his closed hand with a menacing gesture at Handel; Mary seemed to supplicate him to sit down, and he could hear the waterman in no very mild terms bid him do the same.

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Rentfree, looking in the same direction as Handel, "that's the lady who sings so sweetly: if that fellow does not sit down he'll have the boat over!"

Scarcely were the words uttered than they saw the boat give a sudden lurch and instantly capsize, throwing the three occupants into the water. Handel ordered his waterman to row to the spot as fast as he could. Upon arriving there in a few seconds they found the waterman who had been rowing Falkner and Mary, partly expecting what had happened, had managed to seize hold of the gunwale of the boat and so kept himself up. For a few thrilling, breathless moments the two gentlemen and their waterman kept their eyes on the river. Presently the woman's garments were seen floating at a short distance from their boat. Mr. Rentfree, who was an expert swimmer and who had already divested himself of some of his clothes, sprang into the water and in an instant had secured the unfortunate Mary in his arms. Placing one arm round her waist and supporting her head on his shoulder, he struck out with the other arm for the bank. "It might be dangerous to try and get in the wherry, Mr. Handel," said the brave young man, "so you keep by me and I'll carry her in a few seconds to dry land."

This was accordingly done, and in a very short time Mr. Rentfree landed and carried his fair charge into one of the public-houses which stood on the banks of the Thames. Here a good-natured landlady, who was not ignorant of such cases, soon brought the inanimate Mary to life, had her conveyed to a comfortable bedroom, where a fire was lit and everything done to restore suspended animation of the body. Handel gave strict orders to the waterman of the capsized boat to keep a sharp look-out for the unfortunate musician. The man, whose wherry had been restored to its proper position, promised to do so, and a handsome reward which Handel had offered for Falkner's recovery stimulated several other watermen to row about the spot. But whether through his being intoxicated, or through his striking his head against something, no trace of him could be found.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

As soon as possible, after hearing from the good landlady that Mary had recovered her consciousness, Handel hired a conveyance to carry him to London. Here his first object was to procure the aid of one of the great physicians he knew. Giving him the name of the public-house and a description of the locality in which it was situated, Handel next started for the Croches'. Having rapidly narrated the circumstances that led to the accident, he entreated Mrs. Croche to go to Mary with as little delay as possible.

Mr. Rentfree had secured a bed at the little water-side tavern, and had been frequent in his inquiries as to Mary's progress. From the first moment he had seen her, he had been irresistibly attracted by her person and sweet demeanour; but upon hearing from Handel that she was engaged to another, he had stifled the sensation in his breast. Prudence told him that a marriage between a blacksmith's daughter, however charming she might be, and the heir of a good old English name and estate, was one he would most probably regret. Still, there was no denying that, although he would have done the same thing under any circumstances, it gave him additional pleasure to have been the instrument, under Providence, of saving the life of one he so much admired. He had promised Handel to let him have early tidings in the morning. Before leaving the tavern he

had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Croche, and was delighted with that genial and kind-hearted woman. They both admired Mary, and pitied her misfortunes. An anxious question arose as to the advisability of informing her of the loss of her husband while she lay in this precarious state.

"I feel sure, madam," said Mr. Rentfree, "from the short time I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, that, painful as the task may be, no one could break it to her in a kinder or gentler manner. If you will now let me have the latest account of how the lady is, I will fulfil my promise of letting Mr. Handel know. And pray present my respectful duty to Mistress Falkner."

Mrs. Croche presently returned with the information that Mary was better, and had entreated to be removed to her own home. She sent her heartfelt thanks to her brave rescuer from a watery grave. At present, Mrs. Croche informed him, she had been able to avoid telling Mary the truth about her husband, but she felt it could not long be evaded.

Mr. Rentfree hastened to Handel's residence, which was at that time in Brook Street, Hanover Square. Handel was then a prosperous man, and by his compositions and the pensions he enjoyed from the royal family had amassed a considerable fortune. But from various causes the Italian Opera had declined, and in an evil hour Handel entered into the hazardous and irritating position of an *impresario*. In a few years he lost his savings, his health was undermined, and for a short period his mighty intellect "tottered on its throne." It would seem as if the finger of Providence was pointing to him the way in which he should walk, that his genius should no longer be frittered away on the ephemeral glories of the opera—for assuredly, lovely as are some of the melodies in his Italian operas, Handel would have been little known through these works—but that he should devote his rare gifts to a higher purpose. But this is anticipating. Handel, as we have already said, resided in his own house in Brook Street, for the Modern Babylon was already beginning to spread itself rapidly westward. In this house he lived till his death.

Mr. Rentfree found the great master in his study, rapidly conveying to paper the mighty thoughts which were in his brain, and it was with some diffidence he interrupted him. But Handel rose with great good-nature and anxiously inquired how he had left Mary. Mr. Rentfree gave an account of all that had happened since the previous night, and, in the course of his narrative, mentioned how pleased he had been to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Croche.

"Yes," said Handel, "she is a most estimable woman. I must introduce you to the family. They are all musicians—father, mother, two sons, and two daughters, all following the profession, earning an honest livelihood, and amidst all the trials and temptations of life preserving a pure and undefiled love of the beautiful art they are called upon in their various positions to disseminate. Would all musicians were the same! Far be it from me to speak disrespectfully of the dead, but such an example as the unfortunate man, who has been taken so suddenly from us, is most disastrous in its effect."

In answer to an inquiry from Mr. Rentfree, Handel told him that at an early hour in the morning a man had called to inform him the body of Falkner had been found. By Handel's orders, it had been conveyed to his wife's residence.

It can easily be imagined that all these painful events had seriously affected Mary's health. At first she rallied and put forth all her strength to enable her to follow the remains of her unfortunate husband to the grave. But, after that was over, a reaction set in, and a slow fever seemed to be exhausting her vital powers.

Handel was standing one morning at the door of the opera-house in the Haymarket, when he saw two intelligent-looking boys approach. They were poorly clad, and had a look of sadness on their brows which seemed unnatural at their age. The elder, advancing to Handel, addressed him by name, for the face and figure of the great musician had made a great impression some time before upon his youthful mind.

"Sir," said the boy in a tremulous voice and with tears standing in his eyes, "my mother wishes to see you."

Handel, who seemed not to remember the boys, inquired who their mother was.

"Sir," the boy replied, "her name is Falkner, and oh! Mr. Handel"—and here the boy's pent-up feelings burst out in a passion of tears—"she is dying!"

Handel, inexpressibly shocked, immediately desired the boy to conduct him to his mother's house. Upon arriving there, he was met by Mrs. Croche, who told Handel that she thought Mary would not long remain "a tenant of this earth." He entered her room, and saw unmistakable signs that Mrs. Croche's words were too true. Mary was fearfully thin, a bright hectic colour was on her cheeks, and her breathing appeared to be painfully difficult.

"My dear Mary," said Handel, taking her hand, "I am deeply grieved to see you thus. Cannot I send some physician to you, or do something to alleviate your sufferings?"

"Alas, my kind friend," said Mary, "all physicians are useless. I feel, I know that I have but a few hours to live. But I could not die without seeing you, my kind and generous master, and thanking you for all your goodness to me."

"My goodness to you, Mary!" replied Handel. "I fear I have been your evil genius. Had you never known me, you might still have been well and happy in your old home."

"Oh, say not so!" exclaimed the sufferer. "To you I am indebted for enabling me to appreciate the mysteries of your beautiful art, which I feel will not be forgotten in the world of spirits I shall shortly enter. It was not your fault that I fixed my affections on poor Henry."

Here the recollections of her unworthy husband so affected Mary that she was forced to cease speaking, and Handel and Mrs. Croche entreated her to be calm and not to agitate herself by speaking any more. After a little while Mary recovered her composure.

"I must speak," said she; "and I have but a short time to spare. My dear Falkner! I loved him! Pray God his faults are forgiven, and we may meet where there are no more trials and temptations! Thank Heaven my dear father has not lived to see this day! And now, my dear friend, I have one petition to make. My poor boys!—will you not aid and assist them to get a decent livelihood?"

To this Handel replied by giving Mary a solemn promise that he would watch over their welfare, and that if either, or both, exhibited any talent for music he would see that they were properly instructed in the art.

With a beautiful smile on her worn face, Mary pressed Handel's hand in token of her gratitude, then suddenly rising in her bed, with an unearthly light shining in her eyes, she gazed on the countenance of Handel, and, speaking in a louder tone than she had hitherto done, she said: "My good Master, let me entreat you with my dying lips to dedicate the marvellous gifts with which the great God has endowed you to His honour and glory, and I prophesy that your music shall be sung and admired by generations yet unborn, and the name of George Frederick Handel be loved and revered by countless thousands!"

Here, completely exhausted by this strong excitement, Mary sank back on her pillow, a deathly paleness spread over her features, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, the spirit left its earthly tabernacle—let us humbly hope to join the heavenly choir, who, "round about the starry throne," sing for ever and ever "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

THE END.

M. RUBINSTEIN is hard at work upon a new "sacred opera," entitled "Christus," which, like his "Moses," will be in several sections, and will occupy two evenings in performance. Some years ago, in a lengthy treatise, M. Rubinstein expressed his views very strongly on the possibility of the establishment of a "Biblical Opera House," which would, however, be a totally different thing from the ordinary opera theatre, and would, he hoped, be a temple of art and religion, rather than a mere place of amusement. It was for such a house (still unbuilt) that "Moses" was written, and "Christus" is also intended for its stage, although, of course, the work will likewise be available in oratorio form.



## Foreign Notes.

**M.** TSCHAIKOFFSKY, the well-known Russian composer, assisted by Mesdames Sapelnikoff and Sophie Menter, have, our Odessa correspondent states, just concluded a short series of concerts there. M. Tschaiakoffsky is this week personally conducting a few of his best known works, including "The Queen of Spades" (Nouschkin), at the City Opera House.—*Daily News*, February 6th.

**HERR STAVENHAGEN**, who is well known in London as a pianist of the most advanced school, is reported to have broken down in health, and to have been obliged to cancel his engagements in Germany. It is probable that he will not be heard in England this season.

THE death is announced at Carlsruhe of Vincenz Lachner, the last survivor of three brothers, each of whom won some fame as a composer. The most distinguished of the three was the eldest, Franz; but Vincenz, the youngest, who was born in 1811, was well known by his part-songs for male voices. At Vienna a great-niece of Mozart's, Josepha Lange, has just died at the age of seventy-four.

THE programme of the last concert of the Singakademie at Vienna consisted entirely of the compositions by the Emperors Ferdinand III., Leopold I., and Joseph I. A selection of the musical works of these imperial composers is now in course of publication by the Austrian Ministry of Public Education. At Berlin, royal musicians are also not neglected. The Scharwenka Conservatorium has just given an historical concert illustrative of music at the Court of Frederick the Great. The programme included four compositions by the King, and one by his sister, Princess Amalie. A selection of Frederick the Great's music was published by the present Emperor in a superb edition some few years ago.

THE well-known German baritone, Karl Hill, has died at Schwerin, where he had been for twenty-five years connected with the Grand Ducal Theatre. He was fifty-three years of age, and was a native of Nassau. From his earliest years he showed a marked taste for musical studies, and he composed songs as a mere youth; but his first start in the business of life was as a clerk in the Frankfurt post-office. His efforts as an amateur singer secured for him an offer from the theatre, where he performed off and on almost to the last. When Wagner produced the "Ring des Nibelungen" there in 1876, Karl Hill was the Alberich of the "Rheingold," the "Siegfried," and the "Götterdämmerung"; and in 1882 he was the original Klingsor in "Parsifal."

THE Abbé Prevost's well-known romance, "Manon Lescaut," has already been set by Auber, Massenet, and other writers, and a new version by Signor Puccini was produced at Turin recently. The libretto follows the story of the novel. A Naples correspondent writes: "The distinguishing character of the music is that of melody. In the first act a chorus of students and a love scene were the most pleasing. The second act is rich in gay music, and introduces an exquisite madrigal, which was warmly encored, while the close of the act is very passionate. The prelude intermezzo of the third act was also encored, but the whole act is practically a series of choruses by the crowd watching the embarkment of Manon as a prisoner. The fourth act is one long love duet between Manon and her lover in America, at the end of which Manon dies."

A DISAGREEABLE accident, which might have had serious consequences for Madame Kaulich, the operasinger, happened last month, our Vienna correspondent says, at the Opera House there. In the "Rheingold"

the three Rhine daughters have to swim and sing at the same time, and complicated machinery enables them to rise and sink in what appears to be water. A hitch in the machinery caused the workman to turn the wheel too fast, and Madame Kaulich fell from a considerable height on to the floor of the stage. She fainted, and, though unhurt, was so indignant when she came to again that she could not appear in the subsequent acts. Those who witnessed her fall are astonished that she did not suffer serious hurt. The swimming rôles in the "Rheingold" were never sought after by the prima donnas of the Opera.

THE Berlin *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung* publishes an interesting fragment written by Wagner in the album of a lady living near Leipzig. It consists of eleven bars of a short solo for Gottfried of Brabant, who appears in the third act of "Lohengrin," where he is restored to his sister Elsa after having been enchanted by Ortrud. The solo was abandoned by Wagner, because he felt that so small a part would generally be entrusted to a second-rate singer, the result of which would be fatal in so important a situation. Consequently Gottfried has remained a *persona muta* until this day.

SAINT SAËNS'S fine opera, "Samson et Dalila," which has been so genuine a success at the Grand Opera at Paris, has just been produced at the Dal Verme at Milan. In spite of a poor performance it produced a marked effect, and has been spoken of most highly by the Milanese press. It is said that there was some talk of performing the work at Covent Garden, but the project had to be abandoned, owing to difficulties about obtaining a license from the Lord Chamberlain for an opera on a Biblical story. And yet Noah's Ark and its inhabitants are allowed to be travestied in a pantomime!

M. GOUNOD and M. Joncières presided at two trials given February 5 and the day before at the house of Messrs. F. Besson and Co., the musical instrument makers, of the *Cornophones*, which are made in various keys, and, of course, of various compasses and sizes. The sound produced by them is more mellow than that of ordinary brass. A more interesting novelty was a so-called *clarinette pédale*, noticed some time since in the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*. A musician present suggested the name of *clarinette contrebasse*, as defining more clearly its object. The word *pédale* is used, however, because the compass of the new instrument extends to that of the thirty-two foot stop on the organ. There can be no question that an instrument of this depth is capable of producing orchestral effects which hitherto can only have been dreamed of by composers.

M. LAMOUREUX must be congratulated at having introduced Brahms's Third Symphony to a Parisian audience. Among living composers there is probably none so little known in France as Brahms, and of a surety there is none who is so worthy of being appreciated. There is much in this Symphony in F that reminds the hearer of Beethoven, and the mere mention of such a name in connection with a modern work conveys the highest possible estimate of its value. The interest of the symphony increases from movement to movement, and the reintroduction at the close of the final allegro of the theme which opens the first leaves upon the listener's mind an impression of completeness which is in the highest degree satisfying.

I HAVE no doubt the symphony is well known on your side of the Channel, but I repeat it is a novelty here, and M. Lamoureux may be thanked for having had it so thoroughly well rehearsed. There was not a flaw from the first bar to the last. Dvorák's serenade pleased immensely on a second hearing, and was enthusiastically applauded. With the exception of a momentary hesitation on the part of the horns, Bizet's captivating music to "L'Arlésienne" had a finer rendering than I have ever yet heard. The opening passage for strings of the prelude was superbly executed, and put the audience in the best

possible humour to enjoy the remainder of the concert, which concluded with the "Fliegender-Holländer" overture and the third act of the "Meistersinger"; but the reception given to Brahms' Symphony was the notable feature of the afternoon, and one which, I hope, will encourage M. Lamoureux to let us hear much more of the same composer.

AFTER having abandoned the music-hall stage for several years, Thérèse, the famous café-concert singer of Imperial days, has resolved to make her final bow. According to her own confession the once popular artiste is fifty-six years old. Her history is well known and has been recounted by numerous writers, including M. Henri Rochefort and the late Albert Wolff. She took Paris by storm in the old Alcazar by her "Naught is Sacred to a Sapper," her "Femme à Barbe," and other ditties, delivered in a style modelled on that of Darcier. Madame Thérèse was frequently applauded by Napoléon III. in the salon of General Fleury, for etiquette forbade the monarch's presence in a common music-hall. She denies, however, that she ever sang before the Empress, and also maintains that Princess Metternich only heard her in Vienna long after 1870, and never in Paris. Naturally, the dethroned *diva de la chape* sees no good in the productions of the modern music-hall, like "Ma Gigolette," for instance, which is now whistled and sung by every small boy. She admires the talent of Yvette Guilbert, but deplors the fact that nowadays songs are sung which would make her Sapper of Imperial times blush all over. Thérèse is to have a brilliant benefit before her exit, several leading members of the theatrical profession having promised their co-operation. Then she will go down to a little farm which she possesses in the Department of the Sarthe and look after her poultry and vegetables, coming up to Paris now and then in order to revisit the scenes of her former triumphs.

Mdlle. GUTZWILLER appeared at her concert on the 16th ult. in the double light of a vocalist and harpist, her most noticeable performance in the latter capacity being in a very tuneful invocation by Mdlle. Guy d'Hardelot. Mdlle. Gutzwiller was assisted by several other artists, of whom M. Delmas, of the Grand Opéra, and M. François Thomé, the well-known composer and pianist, were the most distinguished.

## Music in Berlin.

THE musical season in Berlin has recommenced in earnest; and such an array of artists and musical events is unprecedented. Hans von Bülow could not reappear at his post as director of the Philharmonic Orchestra. He has been suffering from neuralgia, and is at present under the care of a physician. It is hoped that he will recover in time to direct the Eighth Philharmonic Concert. The Sixth Philharmonic Concert on the 9th inst., brought before us the celebrated Wagnerian conductor, Felix Mottl, of Carlsruhe. The programme included the Military Symphony of Haydn, a new piano concerto of Eugen d'Albert, the "Tannhäuser" Overture and the C minor Symphony of Beethoven. The soloist of the occasion was Frau Carreño d'Albert. Madame Carreño is always heard with interest. D'Albert's concerto is one of his latest and best productions, and on this occasion he conducted his work in person.

The Haydn Symphony was given with a classic simplicity and humour that was charming. Mottl's Beethoven reading resembles very much that of Dr. Hans Richter. In fact, Herr Mottl reminds one of Richter also in his manner of conducting.

The following evening, at the "symphony evening" of the Popular Concerts, the Military Symphony of Haydn was repeated, and Herr Concertmeister Eldering played the "Gesang Scene" of Spohr. This young and rising violinist is often heard at these concerts. He deserves to be ranked with the best of our younger violinists. The programme closed with Bizet's "Jeux d'Enfant." The previous Wednesday evening Popular Concert brought a Wagner Abend.



The second part of the programme was the most interesting, as it contained works of the master's ripest period. They were: The "Faust Overture," "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," and the Introduction to the 3rd Act; "Tanz der Lehrbuben" and "Gruss an Hans Sachs," from "Die Meistersinger." All the works were given in a conscientious manner by Capellmeister Herfurth, the conductor of the Popular Concerts. Herr Herfurth will retire from his position at the end of the season. Capellmeister Mannstädt from Wiesbaden is expected to take the place.

The Joachim Quartet produced a work of Prince Heinrich Reuss at their last concert. The composition consists of three movements, the first being the best. The other quartets of the evening were the Mozart D major, and Beethoven's E flat major. The next quartet evening will be devoted entirely to Beethoven. The Kammermusik Abend of Barth, Wirth, Hausmann occurred almost too soon after the holidays to attract a full house. The first number on the programme was the E flat Trio of Schubert, which was beautifully played. Professor Barth appeared as soloist and played the new Fantasien for Piano, Op. 116 and 117, by Brahms. These last works of Brahms are sure to become popular, for they are not difficult and are well adapted for the piano. The concert closed with a fine performance of the Schumann Quintet, the second violin being taken by Kammermusiker Gölzow, and the viola by Concertmeister Krelle.

Lilli Lehmann, Germany's greatest dramatic singer, has recently given a song recital, repeating the "Rhein Cyclus" of Carmen Sylva, as set to music by August Bungert. Frau Lehmann having broken her contract some years ago with the Royal Opera House in Berlin, is therefore forbidden to appear on this stage. It is a great loss to Berliners, for as a Wagnerian interpreter she ranks with Materna or Malten. Some of the songs of the "Rhein Cyclus" are poetical and deserve to rank high. The composer was the accompanist of the evening. The first of a series of Populärer Lieder Abend from Jettka Finkenstein afforded us the pleasure of hearing a splendidly-arranged programme of Italian, French and German songs, given in a most delightful manner. Frl. Finkenstein's voice is rich and sympathetic, and especially smooth in the middle register.

The "Frankfurter Vocal Quartet" gave their postponed concert from last month, and produced, besides several Italian madrigals, a new work of Bruch with violin obbligato, and the "Liebes Lieder" of Brahms.

Eugen d'Albert scored a tremendous success with his Klavier Abend in the Singakademie on the 12th. His programme included the Suite Anglaise, No. 6, of Bach; Sonate, Op. 10 (new) of d'Albert; Rondo, A minor, Mozart, the Nocturne, B major; the Polonaise, F sharp minor; and the Scherzo, C sharp minor—all by Chopin; two Études of Liszt; Walzer upon Strauss' "Nachtfalter," by Carl Tausig; and Étude, C major, by Rubinstein. D'Albert was recalled five times and forced to give two encores, although the hour, 10.30, was extremely late for a Berlin audience. We shall have an opportunity of hearing him in another recital before he leaves for Russia.

Moritz Rosenthal from Vienna gave his first piano recital this season the previous evening in the Singakademie. He is the possessor of an immense technic, and, as a well-known Berlin critic remarked, it seems almost impossible that a man with only ten fingers can do such marvellous things as Rosenthal does on the key-board. The piano student, nowadays, hears so much that astonishes him, that it would not be a bad idea for him to write with indelible ink, on a piece of paper convenient to put in his hat-rim, "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world of *Technic* and lose his own soul for *Music*?"

The celebrated Kroll's Summer Garden and Theatre has been converted into an opera-house for the purpose of bringing out new operas and making it a popular resort for theatre-going people. Among the latest productions have been "A Santa Lucia" and "Mala Vita," the operas of two young Italian composers, followers of Mascagni. The author of "Cavalleria Rusticana" seems to have given courage to his countrymen, and we may hope for some new wine from the land of Verdi. The plot of "A Santa Lucia" is laid in Naples, in that part of the city frequented

by fishermen of the lowest class of Italians. "Mala Vita" is also played in a small Italian town, and the stories of both resemble very much the "Cavalleria." The music of both operas shows freshness and talent, but is somewhat weak and unscholarly, and therefore not important. On the other hand, "Bajazzi," by Leoncavallo, the new Italian opera, produced at the Grand Opera House, shows more refinement and experience. The play is very dramatic, and the opera is certainly the best production in the field of Italian opera since Verdi. Gemma Bellicioni, the prima donna in "A Santa Lucia" and "Mala Vita," is most remarkable as singer and tragedian. The individuality of her representations ranks her at the head of Italian opera singers.

Next month we expect to have several new operas produced at the Royal Opera House, among which is one from Anton Rubinstein, who will be at the conductor's desk.

BEROLINENSIS.

Berlin, January 14, 1893.

## Music in New Zealand.

THINGS seem to be livening up in Dunedin. Since Mr. Taylor arrived here some time ago the town has altogether grown more musical. Mr. Taylor's recitals on the cathedral organ have attracted great attention, and his own concerts, and those given by the Choral Society, have been highly successful. I will certainly respond to your invitation and send on the latest musical news every month. At present there is little except the above.—T.

## Forthcoming Events.

ORD CARRINGTON is to preside at the annual dinner in aid of the Dramatic and Musical Benevolent Fund, to be held on April 10 at the Hôtel Métropole.

THE right of reproducing Verdi's "Falstaff" has already been acquired at Vienna, where, a correspondent informs us, the opera will be performed next October.

SENOR SARASATE has taken St. James's Hall for every Saturday afternoon—save the eve of Whit-Sunday—from May 13 to July 1. On the two dates mentioned, Madame Marx will appear in orchestral concerts, and on May 27 she will give a recital; while June 3 and 17 are reserved for Senor Sarasate's orchestral, and the remaining dates for his chamber concerts.

THE Tonic Sol-fa authorities will hold their annual festival on the Handel orchestra at the Crystal Palace on July 15. Mr. Cummings will adjudicate in a competition among adult choirs, and there will be afternoon and evening concerts.

AMONG the pianists who will in all probability visit us this season is Herr Moritz Rosenthal, an artist who holds a premier position in Germany, and is said to be another Paderewski. We are also, it seems, to hear yet another infant pianoforte prodigy, Raoul Koczalsky, who at the more or less mature age of six is now touring in the Fatherland.

THE Royal Academy of Music continues to make such substantial advance that the committee has found it necessary to make several additions to the teaching staff, and to extend the arrangements for some of the *ensemble* classes. Notwithstanding the recent extension of the premises, the institution is still too small for its work.

"THE Golden Legend" will be given at the Crystal Palace on Midsummer-Day under Handel Festival conditions; that is to say, the performance will take place on the Handel orchestra, the band and chorus numbering 3,500 persons. The artists engaged are Mesdames Albani and Marian McKenzie, Messrs. Ben Davies and Henschel, and Mr. Manns will conduct. Sir Arthur Sullivan's popular cantata was last performed on the Handel orchestra in May, 1887.

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FOLLOWING the example set by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie with his music specially composed for "Ravenswood" at the Lyceum, and by Mr. Henschel with his accompanying music to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's revival of "Hamlet," Dr. Hubert Parry has arranged his "Hypatia" music as an orchestral suite. It is set down for hearing during the forthcoming season of the Philharmonic Society, but prior to that the Bristol subscription orchestral concerts will be able to boast of introducing to the platform the latest work of the composer of "Job." Dr. Parry intends to conduct his suite in the western city on March 13. But for this method of conversion there would be little inducement to pen etra<sup>c</sup>te music, since the attention of an audience is not easily held when the curtain is down. From a first-night assemblage, in particular, a composer receives scant courtesy as a rule. Professor Stanford's music to the Lyceum "Becket" will probably be given in the concert-room during the summer.

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THE directors of the Philharmonic Society have just engaged M. Paderewski, who will play at the concert at St. James's Hall on June 15. On the same evening, M. Gorski, a Polish violinist who created a favourable impression last year, will play Bruch's Concerto in G minor.

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AMONG the novelties contemplated at Sir Augustus Harris's operatic season next May are Mascagni's "I Rantzau," Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," Glück's "Armida," and (possibly) Verdi's "Falstaff." The first-named opera does not seem to have been very successful out of Italy, but "I Pagliacci" is meeting everywhere with extraordinary success. It has just been played at St. Petersburg and Warsaw, where the beauty of the music and the dramatic qualities of the libretto have made a profound impression. The revival of "Armida" would be an interesting experiment. It is practically a one-part opera, but it affords great opportunities for scenic display, and some of the music in it is finer than anything else Glück wrote. It is to be hoped that the work will be played with the original French libretto, and not in an Italian version. As to "Falstaff," nothing is yet settled. The production of the work at Covent Garden will probably be a question of terms; neither Messrs. Ricordi, the publishers, nor M. Maurel, the creator of the principal part, are likely to drive very easy bargains, but Sir Augustus Harris would add such lustre to his season by giving the work that it is certain he will leave no stone unturned to secure it.

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DR. MACKENZIE is reorganizing the Novello Choir, in order that they may take occasional part in the Philharmonic Society's concerts. They will accordingly assist on May 18 at the production of Mr. Erskine Allon's new choral ballad, "Arme of Lochroyan," the solo in which will be sung by Miss Liza Lehmann.

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MR. H. F. COWEN has now made definite arrangements for the production in Italy of his new opera, "Signa," which he withdrew from Genoa owing to his dissatisfaction with the company engaged. The work has been acquired by Signor Sonzogno, owner of the copyright of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and it will be produced in Milan probably in April.—*Daily News*, February 9th.

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MR. N. VERT is organizing an extended tour of the provinces on behalf of the Meister Glee Singers, to commence early in October next.

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MRS. EUGENE OUDIN will make her reappearance in London in May, when she will give a vocal and instrumental recital at St. James's Hall, in conjunction with her husband and Mdlle. Chaminade.

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AN interesting series of Wagner performances is announced to take place at Munich between August 13 and September 30. The artists already engaged will be familiar to most amateurs who have attended the Bayreuth festivals. They include Mesdames Materna, Sucher, Meilhac, Maltin, Standigl, Herzog, and Moran-Olden, and MM. Winkelmann, Grengg, Van Dyck, Reichmann, Grüning, Scheidemantel, Anthes, and Wiegand.

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IN addition to the Trauer Ode, Bach's suite for three trumpets and two of his church cantatas will be performed for the first time in England at the next Bach Choir concert on the 10th inst. In the suite, which is for three trumpets, oboes in three parts, bassoon, drums, and strings, the new reproductions of the old German trumpets will be used.

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PROVINCIAL music lovers will regret to learn that Dr. Richter's tour, which had been projected next autumn, has been abandoned. The Viennese authorities have refused the necessary permission, and as the great Wagnerian conductor will even now be for about four months away from his duties in the Austrian capital, they can hardly be blamed for declining to prolong his *congé*. Dr. Richter will therefore come to London early in June, for the series of six concerts which we have already announced, and after July 10 he will sail for the United States, there to conduct a very brief series of orchestral performances in connection with the Chicago Exhibition. Even his visit to the New World must be limited to a fortnight, and he will then return direct to Vienna. The postponed London autumnal concerts and the provincial tour will probably take place in 1894.

## Music in Bristol.

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THE first of the Subscription Orchestral Concerts was held on February 13, at Colston Hall. The programme, which was exceptionally attractive, included the "Brides" Overture by Mendelssohn, Beethoven's Symphony in A major, the Overture to "Egmont," and Schumann's Concerto in A minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, besides pianoforte solos by Mr. Leonard Borwick. Musically the concert was a success, although the attendance was not such as could have been desired. Both the "Brides" Overture and the symphony abound in so many beauties that it would be superfluous to attempt any description, except to say that they received a splendid rendering; the allegretto and presto movements of the latter being perhaps those which made the best impression. Mr. Leonard Borwick (who appeared here for the first time) met with an enthusiastic reception. His playing was brilliant in the extreme. Each movement of the concerto was a magnificent performance; at times, perhaps, just a slight tendency was perceptible on the part of the band to overpower the solo instrument. In his solos—a Prelude in B flat by Mendelssohn and a Rhapsodie Hongroise by Liszt—Mr. Borwick was no less successful, and was heartily recalled several times. Madame Bertha Moore was the vocalist, her chief contributions being "Deh Vieni," Mozart, and Sommersell's welcome "Shepherd's Cradle Song."

The Ladies' Night of the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society is always anticipated with interest, and their concert this year proved no exception. The admirable manner in which the glees are performed is well known; and the striking characteristics of attention to light and shade, together with absolute purity of intonation, reflect the highest credit on the society and its conductor. In the selection of the programme the committee might well have included items of a character rather more befitting the capabilities of the

Orpheonists—the tendency this year being decidedly towards pieces of a light, popular nature, a change which, we venture to think, is not acceptable. The choir were assisted by Mr. Harper Kearton and Mr. Montague Worlock as soloists, who each gained hearty applause.

A chamber concert given by Miss Lock contained two novelties in the shape of two clarinet quintets, the first being Brahms', Op. 115, for clarinet, two violins, viola, and cello, and Mozart's quintet in A, for the same instruments. The other most important item in the programme was the Kreuzer Sonata, in which Miss Lock was associated with Mr. Carlington.

The Bristol Musical Association have held another concert, at which Madame Alice Gomez was the chief attraction, the remainder of the programme being of a miscellaneous character.

An interesting lecture on the life and works of Chopin has been given by Mrs. Liebich, the musical illustrations being contributed by Mr. Liebich.

## Music in Glasgow.

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AT the Orchestral Concert on Tuesday, January 17, Miss Adelina de Lara appeared in place of Mr. Fred Lamond, who found it inconvenient to travel from Germany. She played Schumann's A minor Concerto for Pianoforte in a conscientious manner, also short solos by Paderewski and Mendelssohn. She had a most gratifying reception. The band, under Mr. Mamis, gave a splendid rendering of Beethoven's "Eroica," and a Symphonic Poem by A. Wormser.

On Thursday, the 19th, the Choral Union performed Dvorák's "Requiem," the principals being Misses Marriot and Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Iver McKay and Watkin Mills. The performance was of the highest excellency, the chorus in particular being well up in their parts.

On Tuesday, the 24th, Mr. Willy Hess appeared as solo violinist in place of Cesar Thompson, indisposed, and created great enthusiasm by his perfect rendering of Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor. He was also equally successful in his solos in the second part, and had to respond to a double encore. The next principal item was Brahms' Symphony No. 4, of which Mr. Mamis gave an ideal performance. The concert finished with the "Tannhäuser" Overture.

To celebrate the jubilee season of the Choral Union, the next week, in St. Andrew's Hall, were given three choral concerts. On Tuesday, 31st, was performed "Belshazzar," the principals being Mesdames Samuel and Patey, and Messrs. Hedmont, Grice and Salmond; the following Thursday Haydn's "Creation," the trio of soloists being Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli and Messrs. Hedmont and Salmond. The soloists got a better opportunity on this occasion of showing their vocal abilities.

Saturday, February 4, terminated the season, and the Union gave a fine performance of "Elijah," the quartet being Madame Medora Henson, Miss Sarah Berry, and Messrs. E. Houghton and And. Black. The hall was crowded, and the performance was such as to satisfy even the hypercritical. In conjunction with the above scheme, the usual Saturday Popular Concerts have been given, the last on January 24. The programme was the "Plebiscite," and drew forth an immense crowd. Mr. Mamis, at the conclusion, gave the usual valedictory short speech.

On the Saturday following the finish of the Orchestral scheme, the Amateur Orchestra, under Mr. W. T. Hoeck, numbering about seventy performers, gave their second concert in the Queen's Rooms. Their most ambitious efforts were Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in G minor and Handel's Occasional Overture, which were played, if not in a faultless manner, still in such a style as to show that the society is making rapid strides and gaining in public favour. Special mention must be made of the wind section—generally a weak spot in amateur orchestras—which is particularly good. A lady vocalist sang "O mio Fernando" and "Orpheus with his Lute" (Sullivan), and was well received.

If report speaks true, we shall have a plethora of music next season. The Scottish Orchestra Company, Limited, are to be in the field, and what with existing schemes, a visit of Richter's band, and six weeks of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, lovers of the "divine art" will have no cause to complain.

## Music in Nottingham.

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THE annual performance of the "Messiah" took place on December 26 in the Mechanics' Hall, before a crowded audience. The vocalists were Madame Clara Samuel, Miss M. Elliott, Mr. E. Branscombe, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies.

On January 26 the Sacred Harmonic Society gave their third concert. The first part consisted of Handel's "Acis and Galatea," the second part being miscellaneous. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel were the attraction of the evening, and were warmly greeted; Miss Edith Montgomery and Mr. W. Piercy also had their share of applause.

The musical season will be closed by this Society's performance of "Elijah" on March 16, with Miss Anna Williams, Madame Belle-Cole, Mr. E. Houghton, and Mr. Watkin Mills as vocalists.

On February 11, Mr. Edward Lloyd and concert-party (under the direction of Mr. N. Vert) gave a concert in the Albert Hall. The last of Herr Ellenberger's delightful concerts, for this season, was given on February 16. The programme was as follows:

String Trio, Op. 9, No. 1, G major Beethoven.  
Piano and Violin Sonata, Op. 24, F major Beethoven.  
Piano Solo, "Des Abends," "Inter Nacht," "Traumes Wirren" Schumann.  
Piano Quartet, Op. 25, G minor Brahms.

On February 2, Mr. F. Dawson visited the town, and gave two pianoforte recitals, the programme each evening being divided into three classes, namely: i., classical; ii., romantic; iii., virtuosity, and including works by Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Weber, Brahms, Raff, etc. It is to be hoped he will again gratify a Nottingham audience with his performance. The Meister Glee Singers are again visiting the town on February 25, with Madame Isabel George, Mr. Leo Stern (cello), and Madame Hart (piano). They are sure to be warmly greeted. The third concert of the Notts Philharmonic Choir is to be given on February 23, when Spohr's oratorio "The Last Judgment," and Professor Stanford's ballad of the fleet, "The Revenge," will be performed, the principals being Misses Maggie Davies and Sarah Berry, Messrs. Maldryn Humphreys and David Hughes. Conductor, Mr. F. Marshall-Ward.

A novelty in the way of concerts was given on January 27, under the directorship of Miss Stimson Cooper, the chief feature of the programme being the performance of sixteen young ladies on eight grand pianofortes. The concert was a great success.

## Notes from Leeds.

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SINCE the festival of October last we have had few or no opportunities of hearing orchestral music until January 25th last, when Sir Charles Hallé's band duly appeared at the second of the Subscription Concerts. The programme was carefully built up on popular lines—that is to say, novelties were severely absent; but the audience—a very satisfactory one—got abundant enjoyment out of the fare provided. Beethoven's Second Symphony and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, in which Mr. Hess was responsible for the solo portions, were thoroughly enjoyed. The overture "Ruy Blas," and that to "William Tell," were also included, as well as the ballet music from Gounod's "Philemon et Baucis." Mr. Hess gave a Romanza by Max Bruch in good style, and Miss Mackenzie sang songs by Mozart, Saint-Saëns, and Randegger.



The third of the same series of concerts, on February 8th, brought the same orchestra, and the programme was constructed on very similar lines. The band was eminently successful in Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, and gave a very good account of Beethoven's "Coriolan" and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overtures. Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne," was included, and the band was joined by Sir Charles Hallé as the pianist in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto. In this, as in Liszt's transcription of the "Spinning Chorus" and waltzes by Chopin, the veteran pianist was heard at his very best. Miss Dews contributed materially to the programme by her artistic delivery of an excellent selection of songs by Beethoven, Mozart, and Gounod.

Mr. Edgar Haddock continued his "Musical Evenings" on January 31st, when Mr. Edward Lloyd and the members of his touring party were present. The main interest was, of course, centred on Mr. Lloyd's songs, and he gave "Tom Bowling" and "The Message" in his well-known style. Madame Amy Sherwin sang an aria from Gounod's "Philemon et Baucis," and songs were included for Miss Ada Tomlinson and Mr. Maybrick. An interesting feature was the playing by Messrs. Arbos and Haddock of Bach's Double Concerto in D minor and Spohr's Duet in A minor, each for two violins.

On February 6th Mr. S. B. Wilkinson, a well-known local maker of instruments of the violin family, gave a very interesting concert, with the object of bringing his wares before the ear and notice of the public. The executants were Messrs. John Dunn, Harmer, Nichols, and F. Weston, each of whom played upon an instrument made by the concert-giver, and it is true that they showed to excellent advantage. The concert opened with Beethoven's "Rasoumofsky" Quartet, No. 3 in C, which was fully played, and ended with Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet, in which Miss Eisele joined the players already named. Messrs. Dunn and Harmer played Bach's Double Concerto in D minor, while, as his solo, the first-named conquered the difficulties of Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch" with apparent ease. The viola was also heard alone, and several pianoforte pieces were contributed by Miss Eisele with success.

## Music in Manchester.

**F**EW towns in this country are in the happy position of Manchester in having as Mayor a gentleman who takes a deep interest in music. He, together with the Mayoress, does his utmost to encourage all students. A few evenings ago the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Marshall) gave a musical evening, when about 1,100 guests were received. The spacious rooms and apartments at the Town Hall had been tastefully decorated with plants and evergreens. Music was supplied by Messrs. Forsyth's band, under the direction of M. Jules de Bussy, while songs were rendered by Madame Alice Lamb and Mr. Simmons. The Mayor and Mayoress, it is believed, intend giving similar soirées at periodical intervals.

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The Chorlton-cum-Hardy (Manchester) Choral Union gave their first open evening on January 24. A most acceptable programme was submitted, and a large audience was present. The chief item was the performance of Sterndale Bennett's pastoral "The May Queen." The solos were sung by distinguished amateurs, and the choruses by the Choral Union (under the direction of Mr. John Acton, Mus. Bac.). So successful was the initial concert that another is promised for April.

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The public presentation of diplomas, certificates, etc., won by students of the London College of Music (Manchester Centre) took place on Thursday, Feb. 9, in the Central Hall, Oldham Street, Manchester. The Mayor of Manchester, who had intimated his intention of presiding, was unavoidably absent in London, and the chair was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Marshall Randles. Mr. W. Procter Redmayne (the local representative of the College), in submitting his report,

stated that the number of candidates had been steadily increasing each year, the total number for 1892 being 230. They would do their best to further improve their position and make Manchester, which was such a musical city, the first centre in the kingdom. The Mayoress subsequently presented the diplomas, and a varied programme was given by the students.

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A new cantata, "The World's Changes," specially written for the Pendleton (Manchester) Choral Union, by Mr. F. W. Blacow, A.C.O., was produced at the Pendleton Town Hall on Monday, February 6th. The cantata is in six parts and was pictorially illustrated by means of the oxyhydrogen lime light. The idea of illustrating the cantata was a good one, for it assisted the audience in noting the various changes in the world. The last part included a view of the interior of Westminster Abbey, being in the author's opinion the best way of denoting the end of all flesh.

W. K. M.

## Music in Portsmouth.

**S**ENOR SARASATE and Madame Berthe Marx paid a return visit, which proved highly successful, to the Portland Hall, Southsea, on Monday, January 23.

On Wednesday, January 25, the Portsmouth Philharmonic Society gave an exceptionally good rendering of Handel's "Messiah" at the Town Hall to a crowded audience. The conductor was Mr. J. W. D. Pillow. The orchestra numbered thirty-six instrumentalists, and the choir nearly two hundred voices; the soloists were Madame Squire, Miss Meredyth Elliott, Edwin Houghton, and David Hughes.

The Thorngate Hall, Gosport, was fairly well attended at the annual concert, on January 26, organized by Mr. W. E. Churcher in aid of the local soup-kitchen, when a particularly good programme was provided. The instrumental portion was undertaken by the Portsmouth Orchestral Society, the principal vocalist being Miss Maud Baker, who possesses a rich and full contralto voice, and was the recipient of continued encores.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught patronized the same hall at an afternoon concert on Tuesday, February 7, on behalf of Forton New Church Fund.

H. A. Storry recommenced his popular concerts at the Portland Hall on February 11, the artistes being Madame Belle-Cole, Robert Fairbank, and the string band of the R.M.A. under Mr. A. Williams, Mus. Bac.

The band of the R.M.L.I., which was quartered at Osborne for a week during January, and has repeatedly paid visits there since, under the conductorship of Mr. George Miller, Mus. Bac., has been the recipient of high praise from H.I.M. the Empress Frederick and other members of the Royal Family for its excellent playing.

## Music in Sheffield.

**O**N January 30 the Jessop Orchestral Band gave their annual concert in aid of the Jessop Hospital in the Albert Hall, Sheffield.

They were assisted by Madame Amy Sherwin, Miss Ada Tomlinson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick as vocalists, Señor Arbos, solo violinist, and Monsieur Sieveking, solo pianist and accompanist. Each of the above were encored, Madame Sherwin and Mr. Lloyd especially being most enthusiastically received. The latter, who made his first appearance in the cutlery metropolis for many years, caused a perfect furore by his singing of Stephen Adams' popular song, "The Holy City," accompanied by the composer. The band of over fifty performers, under the conductorship of Mr. Frederick A. Smith, played in capital style the Overture "Merry Wives of Windsor," Grand Selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Air de Ballet in G (Schubert's "Rosamunde"), and Wagner's gorgeous "Kaiser-Marsch," the latter piece, which was

specially well played, being given for the first time in Sheffield. The hall was crowded in every part, and for the third time the committee will be able to hand over a handsome sum to the hospital. Mr. James H. Frith proved an indefatigable secretary.

## Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at St. Alban's, Holborn.

**S**T. ALBAN'S, Holborn, was filled to its utmost limit (1,200) on Shrove Tuesday evening for the ceremony of dedicating the beautiful new Rood given by the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle in memory of the Rev. H. Mackonochie, the first vicar. The donors attended the little function, which lasted ten minutes, and was followed by an excellent rendering of Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

Rossini's setting, as everyone knows, is distinctly dramatic and operatic in style, and is one of those ecclesiastical compositions that unless treated with the utmost care and skill sounds better in the concert-room, or—may I say it?—would do for the stage.

At St. Alban's, however, the music was treated with skill, and all that reverent intention could do for it was done.

The band was good and well proportioned to the chorus; but why, since the organ is a worn-out, incapable instrument; probably below concert-pitch in tone, why was the band permitted to tune up or down to it? Of course the brass couldn't do it, and consequently harmony of pitch did not reign perfect in the orchestra.

The chorus was the ordinary Sunday choir augmented by a couple of tenors. They did their work thoroughly well, with the greatest nicety of light and shade.

Mr. Probert has a brilliant and robust tenor voice, and, despite his evident dramatic power, he sang "Cujus Animam" with true devotional feeling, a task few can accomplish, considering the martial style and noisy, unsuitable character of the music for such words of sadness and sorrow. Mr. Blackeney, the bass soloist, followed with "Pro Peccatis," and sang with irreproachable style and good feeling.

The boys' voices were charming, the mezzo-soprano specially sweet and flute-like, though lacking the brilliant compass of the first soprano. They are splendidly trained and were perfect in time and tune, but not so good in style. Why, for instance, did both boys sing the "Quis est Homo" duet staccato?

One expects to miss in a boy the pathos and emotion that a good woman's voice can alone give, but the child larynx ought not to find difficulty in technique; yet we listened in vain for the beautiful trills in the last bar of the duet, and again in "Inflamatus," which a well-trained woman vocalist would have skilfully added.

Mascagni patronised the première of "Falstaff"—because, said one cynical person, he felt that he ought to do something for Shakespeare, if not for Verdi. At any rate, he has gone so far as to admit that there are some merits in Verdi's music; which is a great deal for him to say, considering how completely he is eclipsed in the present excitement.

Little Josef Hofmann, who will probably make his début as an adult pianist next year, has just composed a new suite in six movements for pianoforte, of which M. Rubinstein speaks very highly. Rubinstein, it seems, is still directing Hofmann's pianoforte studies, and the young man goes every week from Berlin to Dresden for a lesson. For composition, however, Hofmann is under Herr Heinrich Urban, of Berlin.



## Patents.

**T**HIS list is specially compiled for the **MAGAZINE OF MUSIC** by Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

570. A pedal attachment for pianos, organs, and other musical instruments. William Alfred Hobday, 53, Chancery Lane, London. January 10th.
889. An improvement in music and writing cases and the like. Henry Cupps, 53, Chancery Lane, London. January 14th.
- 1,024. New or improved combined handle and fastening for music portfolios and other articles. Charles Joseph Klapka, 74, St. John Street, Smithfield, London. January 17th.
- 1,069. Improvements in combined pianos and harmoniums. Joseph Manuel Arencibia, 45, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C. January 17th.
- 1,115. Improvements in the construction of pianos. William James Green, 36, Friars Street, Sudbury, Suffolk. January 18th.
- 1,306. Improvements in transposing apparatus applicable to keyboard musical instruments. Louis Adolphe Iyon, 4, South Street, Finsbury, London. January 20th.
- 1,547. Improvements in devices for illuminating and colouring stage scenery. William Lloyd Wise, 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. January 24th.
- 1,689. Improvements in or applicable to pianofortes. Alfred Joseph Harland, 4, South Street, Finsbury, London. January 25th.
- 1,908. Improvements in fingering flutes, piccolos, and similar instruments. David Stewart Dawson, 97, Newgate Street, London.
- 2,039. A device for holding music, or other books, to be affixed to musical instruments, such as guitars constructed with sounding holes. Peter Benson, 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. January 30th.
- 2,044. Improvements in mechanical pianos or other musical instruments worked by electricity. Sir David Lionel Salomons, Bart., 1, Queen Victoria Street, London. January 30th.
- 2,313. A new or improved instrument for recording and transposing the music performed upon keyed musical instruments, such as pianofortes, organs, and harmoniums. George Ede Prince, 22, Glasshouse Street, Regent Street, London. February 2nd.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 2,910. Hampton. Musical instrument. 1892. 10d.
- 19,775. Lochmann. Musical boxes. 1892. 10d.
- 3,452. Deans and Foster. Music-stands, etc. 1892. 10d.
- 4,935. Weichsleder. Piano-forte wrest pins. 1892. 10d.

The above Specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

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Soprano.

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### PRESS OPINIONS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—"Mme. MONTI, an eminent Prima Donna, who won golden opinions on the Continent, was a bright and particular star of the Soirée. She sang Mendelssohn's scena, 'Infelice,' in grand style; also a familiar song of Schumann, and a new song, 'Vanished,' which won a *bis*. Her distinct pronunciation of English was noticed by the discerning part of the audience with glad approval."—*The Musical Standard*.

MADAME MONTI'S CONCERT.—"Mme. MONTI's aria *d'entrata* was the romance of Alice, from 'Robert le Diable.' 'Vat dit elle,' sung in the original key of E major. The triumph of the day was Bach-Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' sung by her, with effective accompaniments on the pianoforte (Herr Leideritz) and violoncello (Mons. Hollman). Mme. MONTI afterwards sang, with *clari*, Artôt's song, 'A Breaking Heart,' and Rossini's 'La Promessa.'—*The Musical Standard*.

MR. BONAWITZ'S OPERA, "OSTROLENKA."—"Mme. MONTI took the double representation of the rival queens, as her fellow-songstress fell ill suddenly, and the distinguished audience was delighted with the sweet, clear tone of Mme. MONTI, who sang with much pathos of expression, and received enthusiastic approval. She afterwards had the gratification of being presented to the Princess."—*The Court Journal*.

LESLIE'S CHOIR.—"Mme. MONTI gave a rendering of the grand air from 'Fidelio' with excellent taste."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

LESLIE'S CHOIR.—"Solos were sung by Mme. MONTI, who gave a fine rendering of Beethoven's air from 'Fidelio.'—*The Globe*.

LESLIE'S CHOIR.—"Mme. MONTI sang the great air from 'Fidelio' and two songs by Mozart and Mendelssohn in pure and artistic style."—*The Morning Post*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"Mme. MONTI, a new-comer, with a powerful voice, sang the great scene of 'Softly sighs,' from 'Der Freischütz.'—*The Sunday Times*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"MR. MANNS' BENEFIT CONCERT.—A new-comer from Dresden, Mme. MONTI, earned much applause, delivering the great scene from 'Freischütz,' 'Leise, Leise.'—*The Daily News*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"Mme. MONTI sang the grand air from 'Freischütz' in pure style."—*The Times*.

PRINCE'S HALL.—"MADAME VIARD-LOUIS'S BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—The vocalist was Mme. MONTI, who gave the great scene from 'Fidelio' and 'An die ferne Geliebte.' The pure and natural production of her voice, combined with artistic style and finish, were fully appreciated by a select audience, who gave her a warm reception."—*The Court Journal*.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—"Mme. MONTI contributed to the programme the air 'Abscheulicher wo eilst Du hin' from 'Fidelio,' and 'An die ferne Geliebte,' and was very much applauded."—*The Musical Standard*.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—"With thorough artistic style and deep expression, Mme. MONTI delivered the great scene from 'Fidelio.'—*The Daily News*.

BUXTON.—"SPECIAL POPULAR CONCERT.—Mme. MONTI was a charming acquisition and had a full success. Her rendering of 'Sombre Forêt,' from 'Guillaume Tell,' proved her to be an artist of first rank. In the second part she gave two songs, 'A Breaking Heart,' by Artôt, and 'Vanished,' by Leideritz, the latter of which she had to encore."

BUXTON.—"SPECIAL POPULAR.—Mme. MONTI, who appeared here for the first time, had a grand success. She sang the 'Romance' from the opera 'Tell,' and two songs of the fashion now in vogue."

BUXTON.—"BENEFIT CONCERT OF THE MEMBERS OF THE PAVILION ORCHESTRA.—Mme. MONTI, who kindly gave her assistance, sang exquisitely Gounod's 'Ave Maria' (with pianoforte and cello accompaniment), the air from 'Ernani,' and the song 'Trust Me,' by Leideritz."

THE SAME CONCERT.—"Mme. MONTI charmed her audience by singing the 'Ave Maria' (Gounod), 'Ernani Involami' (Verdi), and 'Trust Me' (Leideritz), and was enthusiastically encored."

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—"OSTROLENKA' OPERA BY BONAWITZ.—An extraordinary feat was accomplished by Mme. MONTI, who, at a very short notice, took the part of the Queen of Poland in addition to her own, and so perfect was the delusion that even the closest observers were deceived. The transformation from the fair Ludoiska to the dark, ill-tempered Queen, who vows death to her rival, was admirably achieved. This clever artist deserves all praise."—*The Times*.

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MASTER JEAN GERARDY.



Magazine of Music Supplement, March 1893.

# THE DIVER.

Words by G. DOUGLAS THOMPSON.

Music by E. J. LODER.

# The Bloom is on the Rye.

(My pretty Jane.)

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

Music by H. R. BISHOP.



London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

# THE DIVER.

WORDS BY  
G. DOUGLAS THOMPSON.

MUSIC BY  
E. J. LODER.

*Andantino.*

*mf*

*cresc.*

In the

cav - erns deep of the o - cean cold The di - ver is seek - ing a

*pp*

trea - sure of gold; In the cav - erns deep of the o - cean cold The



di - ver is seek - ing a treasure of gold; Risk - ing his life for the

*cresc.*



spoils of a wreck, Tak - ing rich gems from the dead on her deck; And



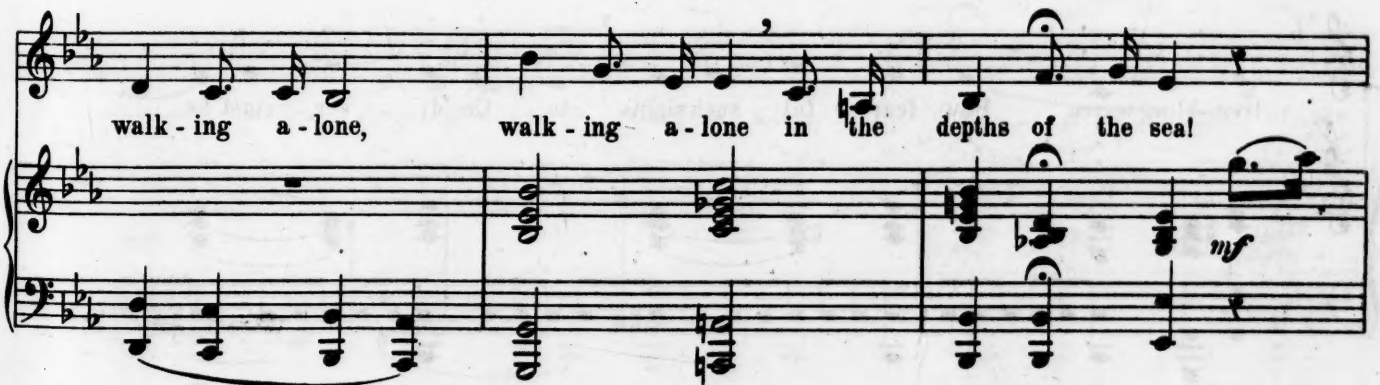
fear - ful such sights to the di - ver must be, Walk - ing a - lone,

*cresc.* *pp*



walk - ing a - lone, walk - ing a - lone in the depths of the sea!

*mf*



He is now on the surface (he's gasp - ing for breath), So pale that he wants but the

still - ness of death To look like the forms he has left in the caves,

Si - lent and cold, 'neath the trem - bling waves, Si - lent and cold, 'neath the

trem - bling waves. How fear - ful such sights to the di - ver must be

Walk - ing a - lone at the depths of the seal And Mam - mon's the mas - ter, and



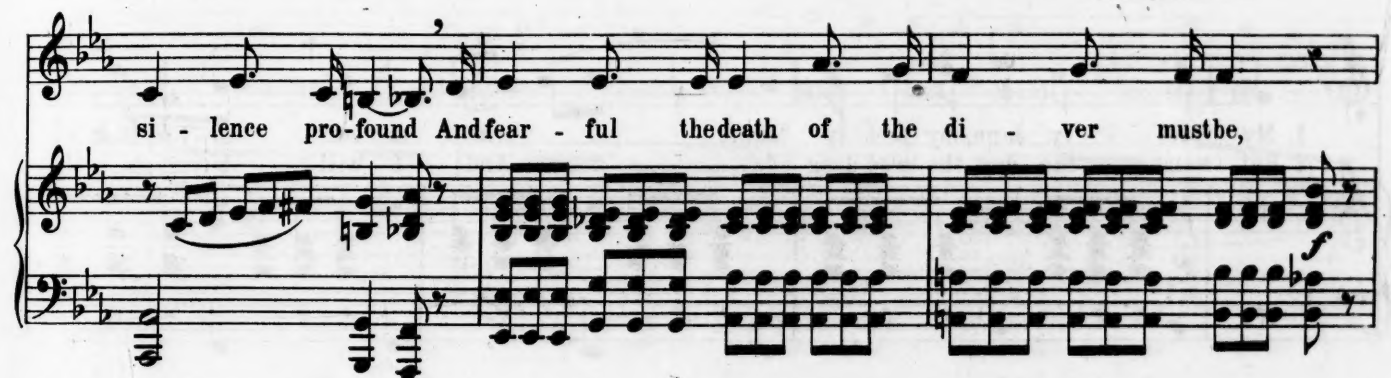
man is the slave, Toil - ing for wealth on the brink of the grave;



Leav - ing a world of sun - light and sound For night like gloom, and a

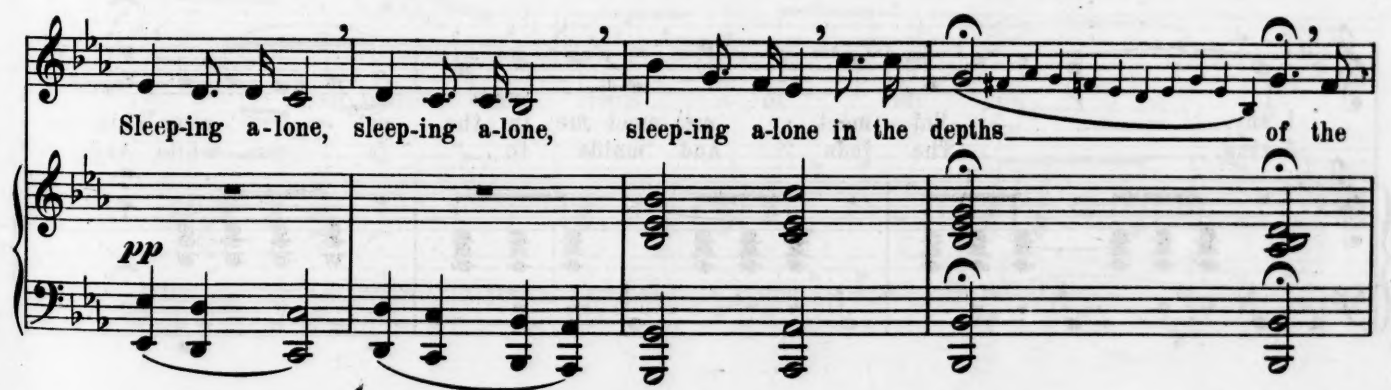


si - lence pro - found And fear - ful the death of the di - ver must be,



Sleep - ing a - lone, sleep - ing a - lone, sleep - ing a - lone in the depths of the

*pp*



sea!



# THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

(MY PRETTY JANE.)

WORDS BY  
EDWARD FITZBALL.

MUSIC BY  
H. R. BISHOP.

*Andantino espressivo, non troppo lento.*

1. My pret - ty Jane, my pret - ty Jane, Ah! ne-ver, ne-ver look so  
2. But name the day, the wed-ding day, And I will buy the

1. shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve - ning While the  
2. ring, The lads and maids in fa - vors white, And

1. bloom is on the rye. 1-2. The Spring is wa - ning  
2. vil-lage bells, the vil-lage bells shall ring.



fast— my love, The corn— is in the ear The sum-mer - nights are

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "fast— my love, The corn— is in the ear The sum-mer - nights are".

com-ing, love, The moon-shines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "com-ing, love, The moon-shines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

dear - est Jane, Ah! ne-ver look so shy. But meet me, meet me in the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "dear - est Jane, Ah! ne-ver look so shy. But meet me, meet me in the". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

eve - ning While the bloom— is on the rye.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes the phrase with the lyrics: "eve - ning While the bloom— is on the rye.". The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in this system.

The fifth system of the musical score, which appears to be a continuation of the piano accompaniment from the previous system. It contains no vocal lyrics.

Magazine of Music.

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Magazine of Music Supplement, March 1893.

# If I were a Bird.

For Soprano or Tenor  
and Contralto or Baritone.

Words by S. T. COLERIDGE.

Music by ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS.

## THE STRANGER

by  
R. SCHUMANN.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

Dedicated to my friend Fräulein ANNA GÖRDHART.

# IF I WERE A BIRD.

For SOPRANO or TENOR.

WORDS BY  
S. T. COLERIDGE.

MUSIC BY  
ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS.  
Op. 4. No. 3.

**Allegro moderato.**

VOICE. *mf* If I had two lit - tle

PIANO. *leggiere* *p* *mf* *pp*

wings, And were a lit - tle feath' - ry bird To you I'd fly my dear.

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

But thoughts like there are i - dle things and I stay here.

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

*morendo* But in my sleep to you I fly; I'm al - ways with you

*p* *pp* *cresc.* *p*



in my sleep! The world is all ones own. But then one wakes, And

*pp* *cresc.*

where am I? All, all a lone. Sleep stays not though a monarch

*dim. e rall.* *p a tempo*

*dim.* *rall.* *p* *a tempo*

bids: So I love to wake ere break of day: For

*pp leggiero*

though my sleep be gone, Yet while 'tis dark, one shut ones lids, And still dreams

*cresc.* *p* *dim.*

*p* *dim.*

on! And still dreams on! *8-----*

*dim. e rall.* *a tempo*

*dim. e rall.* *pp* *morendo*

## IF I WERE A BIRD.

For CONTRALTO or BARITONE.

WORDS BY  
S. T. COLERIDGE.MUSIC BY  
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wings, And were a lit - tle feath' - ry bird To you I'd fly my dear.

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

But thoughts like there are i - dle things and I stay here.

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

But in my sleep to you I fly; I'm al - ways with you

*morendo* *p* *pp* *cresc.* *p*



in my sleep! The world is all ones own. But then one wakes, And

*pp* *cresc.*

where am I? All, all a - lone. Sleep stays not though a mon-arch

*dim. e rall.* *p a tempo*  
*dim.* *rall.* *p* *a tempo*

bids: So I love to wake ere break of day: For

*pp leggiero*

though my sleep be gone, Yet while 'tis dark, one shut ones lids, And still dreams

*cresc.* *p* *dim.*  
*p* *dim.*

on, And still dreams on!

*dim. e rall.* *a tempo*  
*dim. e rall.* *pp* *morendo*

## STUDY.

Repeat this at least 12 times.



## THE STRANGER.

R. Schumann.

Allegro energico. ♩ = 144.

PIANO.







First system of musical notation, featuring piano (pp) dynamics and various musical notations including slurs, ties, and accidentals. The system includes a treble and bass staff with complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.



Second system of musical notation, featuring fortissimo (ff) dynamics and various musical notations including slurs, ties, and accidentals. The system includes a treble and bass staff with complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.



Third system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) dynamics and various musical notations including slurs, ties, and accidentals. The system includes a treble and bass staff with complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.



Fourth system of musical notation, featuring fortissimo (ff) dynamics and various musical notations including slurs, ties, and accidentals. The system includes a treble and bass staff with complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.



Fifth system of musical notation, featuring various musical notations including slurs, ties, and accidentals. The system includes a treble and bass staff with complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.



Sixth system of musical notation, featuring various musical notations including slurs, ties, and accidentals. The system includes a treble and bass staff with complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.

